THE
SATURDAY EVENING POST
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

The Oldest Literary and Family Paper in the United States. Founded August 4, A. D. 1821.

Vol. LVI. | BENNETT & FITCH, No. 726 Sansom St. | PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1876. | $2 00 a Year, in Advance. Five Cents a Copy. | No. 8

"A BRIDAL GIFT"

BY EDWARD FITZBALL.

Hail! enchanting month of May!
Flow'rs are blooming—gay birds singing—
'Tis our Lina's wedding-day!
Hearts are throbbing, sweet bells ringing—
What a day of joy is this!
Yet I hear young lips that sigh
Through a softly trembling kiss—
"Mother!" "Father!" "Home!" "Good-bye!"

One tear falls, like trembling dew
From the rose—the tear is gone!
And now sweet smiles their light renew,
For the happy chosen one!
Love again rules o'er the heart—
The blushing bride forgets her care—
Radiant with smiles, from all to part,
His heart, his life, his home to share.

Oh! 'tis not in the nuptial hour
That Hymen's purest bliss is won,
But tint by tint, as some pale flow'r
Putteth its rosy glory on.
It is not wealth, it is not beauty,
Nor graceful form, nor lovely face,
Gildeth the future, but the duty
Plighted in God's resting-place.

Duty, maintain'd in after years,
That bringeth undivided peace—
That love sustains, that chaseth tears,
And biddeth every sorrow cease.
Such calm, dear Lina, will be thine;
Blessed is he that calls thee wife—
Within whose modest charms combine
The olive leaves of hope and life.

Rejoice, then, like the sunny May,
Which sanctifies your happy choice;
And, each renewal of this day,
Through smiles and flow'rs, still cry "Rejoice!"

THE LILY OF ST. ERNE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ESTHER'S SECRET," "HELENA LYLE," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

WHEREIN A TRAVELLER MAKES HIS FIRST APPEARANCE IN LONDON AND TO THE READER.

"Where to, sir?" asked the cabman, whose Hansom had just been engaged by one of the passengers pouring out of a crowded train from Liverpool. "Where to, sir?"

The gallant gentleman who had the bronzed features, well-developed muscles, and lithe, easy movements of a man accustomed to an out-door life, did not answer the question till it was repeated. He was leaning forward, alternately surveying the huge glass-roofed terminus, and the motley throngs of people hurrying to and fro, with the amused and interested air of one to whom such a scene has the charm of novelty. When he did reply, it was with a smile at his own ignorance.

"Where to? 'Pon my word, I don't know. Take me to some hotel; you can find a decent one, I suppose? And be quick about it, for I am half starved."

The cabman, who had been furtively surveying his fare, and drawing his own conclusions from the stranger's rather unconventional attire, touched his hat, and ventured another query.

"West End or City, sir? Some gents like one, some the t'other. You're a stranger in London, I s'pose?"

A slight nod checked his disposition to be too familiar.

"My good fellow, I must leave to you the choice of locality; only take me where I am most likely to get a glimpse of the sky, and a breath of air. Does the sun never shine on this murky metropolis?"

"Lor' bless ye, sir, there ain't a healthier place in the world than this 'ere London!" he was emphatically told; but gaining no other response than an incredulous shrug, cabby clambered to his seat, and made at a brisk pace for one of the palatial hotels to be found in the aristocratic purlieus of Belgravia. He had decided in his own mind that he had got hold of one of those fortunate men who occasionally find their way back from the "golden Americas," with pockets well-lined with the rich ore they have toiled to gain. Acting on this belief, and the reputed readiness of the so-called *lucky* fellows to submit to be fleeced, he asked, when his fare alighted, nearly treble the sum to which he was entitled for the journey.

But he fell into a strange error when he imagined that the frank good humor on which he traded evinced the weakness of a nature easily duped. The dark brows of the stranger contracted, the curiously bright eyes subjected his surly face to a keen scrutiny, and he was sharply catechised.

"It seems a large sum to demand for so short a ride! If it is justly your due, you shall have it, but I should like to be satisfied on that point before I pay you."

The stranger's temperate manner encouraged cabby to make a saucy retort.

"Do you think I wish to cheat you?"

"How can I tell?" he was quietly asked.

"It's what my Lord Millington always gives me for bringing him here," said the man, in testy tones; "and no real gentleman as knows hisself would think of offering me less."

"Then I am not a gentleman, according to your definition of the word," was the prompt reply; "for I never submit to imposition, if I know it."

"No gentleman?—of course you're not, or you wouldn't try to wrong a poor chap like me out of his hard earnings," said the cabby, who was beginning to lose his temper, now he saw no advantages to be reaped by civility.

A dark flush dyed the stranger's cheeks, and his hands clenched ominously; but still he restrained himself, and, turning from the driver, he appealed to the bystanders.

"Will any one kindly tell me how much I ought to pay this man?"

A young officer, who was leisurely strolling by, on his way home from a parade, paused as the appeal fell on his ear. He had heard the greater part of the colloquy, and sympathized with the stranger; yet, with an Englishman's national unwillingness to interfere in other folks' affair, he was still hesitating, when a waiter from the hotel came forward and gave the required information.

"You are sure of this?" he was pointedly asked? "Quite sure that the sum you name is the correct one?"

As soon as he had received the required assurance, the traveller counted out the precise number of coins of the realm, and offered them to cabby, by whom they were pocketed after some grumbling, and an attempt to play the bully that was checked by something in the air and attitude his fare was taking.

As he turned to clamber to his perch, he was seized by the collar and swung sharply round and now there was a look in the stranger's face that told how he had played with fire when he sought to dupe the hot blooded young fellow in whose grasp he was writhing.

"Stay, my man! You have not had all I owe you! Scoundrel! do you think I shall let your attempt to rob me go unpunished? Give me his whip, some one, and I'll teach him how we serve roguish drivers at 'Frisco!'" (San Francisco.)

A *fracas* was now impending, but the officer was too generous not to make an effort to prevent it; and, throwing away his cigar, he stepped to the side of the angry Californian, and laid a persuasive hand on his broad shoulders.

"My dear sir, take a Londoner's advice and let the scamp go! There's no honor to be won in a street row; you will only create a scene, and give your opponent the advantage!"

At first he was heard with displeasure. The stranger frowned, and asked him what he meant. "Is it your London fashion to let any fellow cheat you?"

"But he has *not* cheated you, for you were too sharp for him; and as you have saved your pocket, you may as well spare him the punishment. He has had a wholesome fright, and is no match for you. Besides, the police would be here directly, and you would not care to spend your first night in town in studying the interior of a cell at a station-house!"

The irate fare drew himself up haughtily, as if to ask, "Who would dare arrest me?" but the pleasant, yet half-quizzical look of his adversary made him feel ashamed of his impetuosity, and he flung the trembling cabman from him.

"It's hard to let him go," he muttered, regretfully, "for he richly deserved a thrashing. But you are quite right, sir," he frankly added; "it would be folly to commence my English career with such a quarrel, especially as it would be at variance with your customs; though I still think our summary method of settling such a dispute the best."

"If might and right always went together, I should agree with you," was the laughing reply; "and, I dare say, it answers well enough in unsettled countries, where every man must take care of himself. But here the law arranges our differences for us; and you know the old adage—'At Rome we must be Romans.'"

Raising his hat, the officer was passing on, leaving the new arrival to follow his luggage, which the porters were carrying into the hotel, but his steps were arrested by an earnest entreaty that he would remain.

"Don't go yet! Yours is the first friendly voice I have heard, and I should like to know you better! Come and try some of the cigarros I have in one of my trunks, and give me another word or two of good counsel. But you don't know me," the gentleman added, as he saw that his new acquaintance hesitated. "My name is Max Haveryng, an Englishman by descent, a Californian by birth and education. I am visiting the mother-country for a holiday, and to look up my paternal relatives. As yet I don't know a soul, and it's such wretched work dining alone, that I hope you'll not refuse my invitation!"

He spoke with such a pleasant, winning warmth, that British reserve thawed, and Captain Renton answered with equal cordiality.

"I regret to be obliged to say that I have an engagement for the evening, which I must keep; but I have an hour to spare, which I shall be happy to spend with you. I am a Captain in the Guards, and my name is Renton—Charlie Renton."

The gentlemen shook hands, and went into the hotel together. The rather fastidious Guardsman was not in the habit of fraternising with strangers; but he had not been able to resist Max Haveryng's genial manner; and their mutual liking increased when the cigars had been unpacked, pronounced excellent, and some whisky-toddy imbibed to keep out the fog of the cheerless March day, while a substantial meal was being prepared for the hungry traveller.

MAX RESENTS ATTEMPTED IMPOSITION.

Max was an amusing companion, for he was young, bold, and light hearted, and he came fresh from one of those half-peopled countries, miles and miles of whose virgin soil still remained untrod; while Captain Renton was sufficiently romantic and adventurous to listen with interest and question him eagerly when he described life as it is in the Far West, with all those vivid and graphic details that only eye-witnesses can give.

But a closer observer than the gay thoughtless Max would have noticed how, even in their unreserved chat, the difference of education and disposition made itself known. Charlie Renton said so little about himself, that, when the young men parted, Max scarcely knew more concerning him than the name and address on the card he had thrust in his pocket; while the Californian, with unconscious egotism, had laid his inmost thoughts bare. He had nothing to conceal, and so he spoke openly of his position and prospects. He had been an orphan for some years. His father—a younger son—had emigrated during the first rush to the gold-fields, and, without joining in any of the wild speculations in which so many embarked, had contrived to amass money and make friends. He had married the pretty daughter of a Spanish merchant of Montery, and settled down on a small estate he purchased in the valley of the Sacramento.

"And there, I suppose, I ought to be at this moment," added Max, thoughtfully, "looking after my cattle, and increasing my stock; but I have grown tired of living alone, or of varying my monotonous life with a few weeks in one of the cities. I am no gambler, and there is little else to amuse one there. Besides, I am not what you call rich, and the loss of a few hundred dollars would be serious; so I was debating whether I should join an expedition to the Society Islands, or—don't laugh at me; you can't understand how wretched it is to have no society half the year round but one's own thoughts—*get married*; when I came by chance upon an old journal of my father's, kept while he was a lad staying at the home of his ancestors; and the whim seized me to come and view for myself the spots he describes so glowingly."

"A very good idea; travel enlarges a man's views, and makes him more practical," said Captain Renton, approvingly. "But how did *la belle fiancee* take the separation?"

Max colored and laughed.

"Oh, she opened her dark eyes wonderingly, sighed a little, bade me take care of myself, and bring her all the latest fashions. I am not actually affianced to my cousin Elvira; so, you see, the affair is not as serious as you imagined."

"*Je comprends*; it hasn't reached the heartbreaking stage. You are still cool enough to be aware that she is not all angel!"

"Nay, by San Jago! she is incomparably beautiful!" cried Max, with boyish enthusiasm. "Such eyes, such teeth; and her skin is wax-like in its purity! There is not a handsomer woman in the State! But still——"

"Oh, lukewarm lover, to end a summary of his lady's perfections with a *but!*" was the jesting comment upon his speech.

"I cannot help it," Max replied, with sudden gravity. "When I am with her—Elvira's father is wealthy and hospitable—when I am with her, I gaze, and adore, and fall into jealous furies whenever I see that she does not favor me more than half-a-dozen others; but when I get back to *Aguas Dulces*—my own little location—I find myself asking how Elvira would contrive to exist there. I cannot picture her delicate white hands sewing buttons on my hunting-shirt, or cooking my supper; and what society would one have with a wife who never reads or cares to walk abroad, and would take no interest in a fellow's pursuits? Bah! she will have married some luckier man before I get back to America; so why do I talk of her?"

Captain Renton smiled as he rose to depart and hummed the old song—

"If she is not fair for me,
What care I how fair she be?"

"Comfort yourself, *mon ami*," he added; "for I can perceive that *la donna* has not made a very lasting impression on you. If we should meet again before you return to California, I shall not be at all surprised to find you arranging to carry an English bride with you."

"*If* we meet again!" Max repeated. "Why, I hope we shall see a great deal of each other. I can't afford to let a friend drift away, while I am so wholly at sea, as I feel to be in this noisy London. Will you not smoke another cigar with me to-morrow?"

But Captain Renton shook his head.

"I am only in town for the day. If you will come and dine with me at Aldershott, where I am on duty, I shall be most happy; but I thought you spoke of leaving town immediately."

"Why, so I shall; and therefore I suppose I must decline your invitation, though I should like to have a peep at the great dusty camp of which your nation seems so proud."

"Then why not say yes? There will be a review on the Long Valley on Saturday, and I should like to make you confess that our soldiers are worth seeing when they play the game of war."

"I'd be delighted to accept," said Max, frankly; "but I fancy it would not be polite to my father's relatives to roam about and enjoy myself till I have paid my respects to them. As soon as I return from Cornwall, I shall look you up."

"Cornwall, did you say?" and Captain Renton looked decidedly inquisitive. "I, also, have friends in that county, whom I propose visiting—probably in the course of a week or two."

"Then it's just possible that we may meet there. I hope we shall, though the name of the particular village for which I am bound has escaped my memory. Must you really be going, just, too, as they have brought a dinner that looks so appetizing."

"Don't let me detain you from it," said Captain Renton, shaking hands with the hospitable Californian; "and don't forget your promise to look me up at Aldershott."

Max nodded.

"Always providing we do not run against each other earlier. By the by, you have not given me that word of advice."

"No, indeed!" was the laughing reply; "there's no occasion for it, while you can take care of yourself so well, especially against the attacks of extortionate cabmen. There is one thing, however, I will suggest, as I am sure you are too sensible to be offended."

But he paused, and looked at Max inquiringly, till encouraged with a laughing "Say on, Macduff!"

"Go and see one of our West End tailors before you leave London, for the fashions of San Francisco vary in some particulars from ours, and no man likes to look peculiar when he first makes the acquaintance of his relatives."

Max surveyed his loose suit, compared it with the well-made attire of the Guardsman, and reddened a little at the contrast. But he thanked him warmly for the suggestion, and followed him to the door, saying, "You may as well give me the address of your Cornish friends, for I shall call upon you while you are with them, if they will not look aghast at the intrusion."

Captain Renton scribbled it on a leaf torn from his pocket-book, but remarked at the same time "I suppose I ought to warn you that as I am barely tolerated at Ruan Abbey myself, there may not be a very gracious reception accorded to one of my acquaintances."

"Shall I chance that?" he was frankly asked, "or would you rather I stayed away?"

Something like a jealous spasm shot through Charlie Renton's heart. The beautiful Eleanor, for whose sake he was ready to leave London at the commencement of the season, was rarely kind, and always coy. Sometimes, he could have sworn that she loved him; but more frequently she held him at bay, with a haughty reserve that maddened him. What if this handsome, dashing Californian found that favor in her eyes which he could never obtain?

Too proud, however, to let Max see that he feared a rival, he answered, "Come, if you feel any desire to see beautiful scenery or enjoy deep sea fishing. You can have both in the neighborhood of Ruan Abbey; and if I cannot promise you a welcome from its owners, I can get you the best of quarters at Jenifer Madron's, in the village; so I'll not say good-bye, but *au revoir*."

"I wish I had asked him where this Abbey is located," mused Max, as he sat enjoying his wine, when the cloth had been cleared. "The name sounds so familiar, that I must have seen it in my father's journal. I'll hunt it out."

Accordingly, through page after page of the faded and almost illegible manuscript the Californian pored, till he found the passage he sought. It was a brief account of a tour along the coast, made in the writer's boyhood, and contained these words:—

"Rode with my cousin, John Penruan, as far as the Abbey, from which he takes his name. He was half offended because I said it was a pity that such a fine building should be falling to decay, and quite fiercely asked me what a man could do who had no money. He is a strange, unsociable fellow, and I have been warned to avoid him."

Beneath these lines, and evidently written some years afterwards, was the following note:—

"John Penruan is rich enough now to rebuild the old Abbey, for news has reached me that he is married to the widow of a millionaire."

"It's the same!" said Max, sagely nodding his head; "and I must contrive to time my visit to Ruan Abbey so that I may meet this pleasant, gentlemanly, new acquaintance of mine. I wonder what he meant by saying that his presence is only tolerated at the Abbey? Perhaps wealth has not improved Mr. Penruan; but if he is not a genial host, why does Captain Renton insist on visiting him? It strikes me that I am just turning over the first page of a romance, of which the gallant Captain is the hero; but I shall know more about it when I honor Mr. Penruan with a call."

Fresh from the unquestioning good fellowship of California life, and imbued with a notion that every one who had known and loved his excellent father would, for his sake, rejoice to see his son, Max Haveryng made no further delay in town than was involved in a visit to Poole's ere he went down into Cornwall. But a lapse of thirty or forty years had effected great alterations. The lovely scenes described in the journal of the elder Haveryng were there, just clothed in the first soft tints of early spring, but the friends of his boyhood were dispersed or dead. His name was almost forgotten, and though the people to whom Max recalled it were civilly pleased to see him, no one testified that cordiality he had anticipated. It was, therefore, with a feeling of unwonted depression that he found himself one evening ringing the huge bell in the porch of Ruan Abbey, and speculating the while whether it would not have been wiser to give up all hope of being welcomed by a kinsman, and return to London.

CHAPTER II.

SHOWING THAT THE TRAVELLER WAS NEITHER LODGED AT RUAN ABBEY, NOR AT JENIFER MADRON'S.

By the brisk little woman who answered his summons, Max was informed that the family was from home. The master had gone to Penzance to attend a meeting of an archaeological society, and had taken the mistress with him and Miss Eleanor, and they would be away for a week certain, if not longer.

On the whole Max was more relieved than sorry that his interview must be postponed with the redoubtable gentleman, whose name had never been mentioned in his hearing without a shrug or an exclamation, the precise meaning of which he had not been able to learn. People are chary of spreading evil reports when the object of them is immensely wealthy and revengeful; and it was well understood that it was an unwise act to offend Squire Penruan.

"No, I'll not leave my name," Max said, when the woman left in charge of the Abbey suggested it. "I am a stranger here, and prefer to introduce myself to Mr. Penruan when he returns home. I am told that the neighborhood is very picturesque, so I'll amuse myself with exploring it. I suppose I can get a bed in the village? By the by, where is it?—I have not seen any signs of it yet?"

The housekeeper, who was attracted by Max's handsome face and lively manner, would dearly have liked to offer him the hospitality of the Abbey till her master came back, but she dared not do this, and was obliged to content herself with explaining that there were not any houses nearer than the few cottages grouped on and around a rugged promontory, about half a mile away, called St. Erne's Point. Just beyond the point, however, there lived a decent widow, named Madron, who sometimes accommodated artists or invalids, and the gentleman might be able to get a bed at her house.

"Of course I shall!" said Max, cheerfully; "for it is to this identical old lady I am recommended. I am sorry I have kept you out in the cold so long. If you will tell me how to find my way to St. Erne, I'll not detain you any longer."

The housekeeper looked out into the misty twilight, and cogitated.

"I'm afraid, sir, you'll have to follow the road, though it's more than a mile round, for, you see, it's growing duskish; and, even in broad daylight, the path down the cliffs is steep and awkward for any one that's not used to it. If either of the men were at home they could guide you, but they're all away to the fair at——"

"Tell me where this path is to be found," said Max, "and I'll go and have a look at it. I've walked so many miles to-day, that I'm not in the humor to add another to the number, if I can help it."

The woman gave the necessary directions, coupling with them an assurance that he would find the longest route the safest; then, shivering in the raw air of the cold spring evening, she went back to her cosy room; while Max, whistling a lively air, shouldered his little travelling-bag, and strode to the edge of the tall cliffs, on whose summit the Abbey was built.

A tiny track, scarcely discernible by the fading light, sloped downwards betwixt two huge masses of serpentine rock; and, after descending cautiously for some fifty paces, a sudden turn in the path enabled him to obtain a very pretty view of the beach far below him. He could hear the measured beat of the waves as they rolled in upon the shingle, and the voices of half a dozen fishermen, who, as they strolled home together, were lustily chanting an old sea-song with excellent effect. Half unconsciously, Max Haveryng hummed the chorus, as, mellowed by the distance, it came floating towards him, not a thought of danger troubling his hardy spirit while he pursued his way, and never doubting that every step was carrying him nearer and nearer to the lights that were beginning to twinkle in the fishers' dwellings.

But presently, to his great vexation, he found all further progress barred by a steep descent, so precipitous that it was impossible to obtain good hold. He had evidently contrived to diverge from the regular track, and must retrace his way to the spot where he had left it—no very pleasing prospect to a weary man, wholly unacquainted with the locality, and still further bewildered by the deepening gloom. Yet, unhesitatingly, Max plodded on, sometimes stumbling over the sharp crags, sometimes ascending, sometimes descending, till once more he stood on a projection, from which the beach and the sea were distinctly visible.

With an impatient sigh, he leaned his back against the cliff, and rested awhile. In spite of his dogged perseverance, he could not flatter himself that he had regained the track, and the question now was whether it would be easier to go down or up before it became too dark to accomplish either. It was decided for him more speedily than

pleasantly. As he stepped forward to examine the face of the heights that towered above him, a stone, on which he had too incautiously stepped, rolled from under his foot, and Max lost his equilibrium. He tried hard to regain it, but so narrow was the ledge on which he had been standing, that it was impossible. Still he did not lose his presence of mind, but, as he rolled over and over, grasped at whatever might assist in breaking his fall, and finally contrived to clutch a mass of rock, to which he clung, bruised and panting, uttering hoarse cries for help, which no one heard but the wild birds his voice startled from their sleep.

He made desperate efforts to raise himself on to the rock, but his arms had lost their power, and one of his ankles gave him exquisite pain. He could not hold on much longer, unless some one came to his aid, and who would—nay, who could? Even if it had been light enough for any one on the beach to descry him, it would have been impossible to render any efficient help, for his wanderings had carried him to one of the most inaccessible parts of the cliffs.

And yet he was so near one of the cottages, a quaint little structure, perched on a small, three-cornered bit of level ground, and approached from the beach by some rudely cut steps, that he could hear a female voice singing "The Sands of Dee." Strange thoughts were evoked by the plaintive song. Would any one seek for him, as they sought for the golden-haired Mary? Would his final resting-place be those hungry waters, whose ceaseless lapping now sounded so near, or would his mangled remains moulder in some cleft of those darkly-veined cliffs, and no one ever learn his untimely fate?

A sob burst from his laboring chest, and he made one more mighty effort to raise himself. Once on the summit of this projection, he would be in comparative safety until the morning dawned, when his shouts or signals would surely bring some one to the rescue; but the effort was in vain, and he felt that he was rapidly growing exhausted.

And yet, oh, heavens! he was so young to die—and to die thus! He glanced upward; the stars were beginning to pierce the veil of night, and look down upon him. Was it in mockery, or to teach him resignation? He knew not, for his relaxing hands were slowly, surely slipping from their hold; he felt that he was falling—not as before, from crag to crag, but down, down in one swift rush; and then he remembered no more, but lost himself in a troubled vision, wherein he wandered in the primeval forests of America, pursued by Indians, whose arrows were being launched at his quivering flesh.

At last his tormentors vanished, and he awoke from the long trance of insensibility. But still those torturing pains were in his head and limbs, forcing from him a moan of agony.

It was echoed by a feminine voice, to which another, in sharper tones, murmured a rebuke! and then Max heard some one say, in low, thrilling accents, "I could not help it! He suffers so frightfully, it rends my heart to see him!"

"Take the child away," said some one else; "'tis no fit sight for her."

"But I'll not be taken away, Uncle Dan!" replied the sweet, girlish voice, which was surely the same that Max had heard singing the plaintive ballad. "How can I be content to leave him till he is easier? Don't sit by so calmly! Surely you can do something more for him?"

"Nay, nay, child; but I cannot," said the old man. "And 'twouldn't be o' no use if I could. 'Tain't in natur that he should live, after falling from Ruan cliffs, as he must ha' done. I ha' set his broken leg—and let old Daniel Calynack alone for doing that as well as a town surgeon—and we can't do no more."

"Only stand here and see him writhe with suffering! Oh! but it is too terrible!" sighed the girl. "Why did you not let me send for Doctor Treloar? It is not too late to do that now. Dear Uncle Dan, pray go and seek some one who will do my errand, and I will pay them handsomely!"

"Nay," said the other female; "Doctor Treloar must not come here; you are mad to propose it! Let the stranger be carried hence, if he must have further advice."

"What!" cried the girl indignantly; "jolted over miles of rough road in a cart, to die, perhaps, on the way; or else consigned to the stifling hovel and rude hands of one of the fishwives! I will not hear of such barbarity! It was I that saw the stranger fall, as I ran to meet Uncle Dan; but for this, he might have lain helpless and untended till the morning; and having found him, it is plainly our duty to take care of him till he recovers, or——"

She could not bring herself to name the alternative; but her reasoning was not convincing to her companion, who answered with great significance.

"In ordinary cases I should agree with you, but there are your own risks to be considered. Do you quite forget these?"

"I cannot always be thinking of myself!" was the hasty reply; "nor will I let any personal consideration teach me to be unfeeling."

The elder female commenced a tart response; but ere she had uttered half a dozen reproachful words, the old fisherman, who had designated himself as Daniel Calynack, gravely interfered.

"Do 'ee be quiet, Esther, wench; there's no harm done by letting the child have her way, for the poor lad's a'most at his last. Let 'un die in peace, my sons—let 'un die in peace!"

Max heard the girlish voice breathe an inarticulate murmur, half sigh, half sob; and, in spite of his aches and pains, he longed to be able to relieve her of her generous anxiety on his account. If he could but shake off the numbing faintness that pervaded every sense, how gladly would he reassure her!

"Poor youth!" said the elder female, approaching his prostrate form, and speaking with more pity than she had hitherto evinced. "Dan is right; he will not trouble us much longer; he is dying."

"Indeed, I am not!" Max feebly ejaculated, the hollow, far-away, sound of his own voice startling him. "I have had a nasty tumble, but I'm going to get over it."

There must have been something ludicrous in this assertion, or else in the effect it had upon the watchers, both of whom recoiled, startled and discomfited, for a burst of low, rippling laughter broke the silence that followed.

It was, however, instantly repressed; there was some whispering between the inmates of the cottage, and then, as Max began to dreamily gaze around, the elder female returned to the low pallet on which he had been laid, and firmly but gently pressed down the lids of his aching eyes.

"Not to-night," she said. "Carry the lamp into the other room, Uncle Dan, and then come and make your patient understand that he will grow feverish if he attempts to talk."

"But just let him tell us where his friends are to be found," Max heard the girl interpose. "He may have a mother, with whom we ought to communicate immediately. You are a stranger here, sir, are you not, sir?" she added, addressing herself to the sufferer. "Will you give us the address of your relatives, that we may send for them? Where are they to be found?" she queried again, on receiving no answer.

"In Heaven," said Max confusedly. "Address did you say? Aguas Dulces, valley of the Sacramento!"

"He is delirious, my dearest child; do come away!" whispered the elder female; but Max distinctly felt a warm tear fall upon his cheek before her wishes were complied with, and he was left to the care of Daniel Calynack, whoever that worthy individual might be.

How time sped on for the following week or two he scarcely knew, for the injuries he had received in his fall were such serious ones that he was too ill to raise himself from his pillow. But he was conscious that a gray-haired, weather-beaten old man, in the rough garb of a fisherman rarely left his side; and that once or twice a face, so fair and sweet as to be almost angelic, had bent over him as he lay. But when the feverish symptoms disappeared, and though weak and helpless as a child, he was clear-headed and capable of conversing rationally once more, the cottage appeared to have no other inmate than the fisherman, who sat on a low stool at the foot of the bed, repairing one of his nets.

"I am afraid I have given you a great deal of trouble," said Max, the first time he felt equal to open a conversation with the silent but pleasant-looking old Cornishman.

"Nay, nay; not half so much as them dog fish, rot 'em!" was the reply. "Look'ee here, at the rents they ha' in these meshes,—more nor I shall fill up in another hour, I knows."

"I'll buy you a new net, if you'll only put that down, and talk to me. I have so much to ask you," cried Max, eagerly.

"Talk away, lad, if it don't hurt 'ee; and keep your money in your pocket. I don't want to be paid for listening."

"Tell me, then, how long have I been here?"

Dan put his thumb against his teeth, and mused.

"Ever sin' last Friday was a week."

"And how and where did you discover me?"

"How?—why, doubled up. Where?—not a hundred yards from my own door. I should have passed ye, though, for I'd my oars and my nets on my shoulder—a-coming up, I was, fro' the boat—if she hadn't a said——"

"Who is she?" interrupted Max.

"If she hadn't a said," the old man repeated, "What's that lying there, Uncle Dan?" And then——"

"And then," his impatient hearer went on, "you brought me here, and have nursed me most kindly ever since. God bless you for it! But who was it that first saw me?"

Dan threaded his huge needle with coarse twine very deliberately before he replied.

"Well, if you ha' answered the question yourself, why need I? 'Taint my grandmer nor my great aunts that calls me uncle!"

"Then it was your neice to whom I am indebted. I should like to thank her. Where is she?"

"Gone back to where she came from."

"Then she does not live with you?" said the disappointed Max.

"Nows and thens she do," was the brief answer.

"Is it because I am here that she has left you?"

"Ain't you a-talking more nor's good for you?" queried Dan, instead of replying to the question.

"If you think so, why don't you answer me more directly? Is it on my account that your neice has quitted the cottage? If I am in the way—if I am trespassing too long on your hospitality—pray tell me so at once!"

"Nay, lad," said Dan, coming to his bedside. "You're as welcome as a fair wind; and I'd be loath to let ye go till I've cured ye out and out! The child went, because Esther said it was best for her; and now ye mauntn't ask me no more questions about her, for I *sha'n't answer you!* It's time ye had something to eat, and I mun go and cook it."

"I dare say old Dan is quite right to keep his pretty neice out of my way," Max concluded; "for if she is as charming as she seemed to me when I was half delirious, I should certainly not be able to resist falling in love with her. Still I should like to see her once again, if only to ascertain whether my eyes played me false when they pictured her so beautiful."

That she had not removed to any great distance he felt convinced, for every evening he heard the rustle of feminine garments, and the whispering of voices in the little kitchen adjoining his chamber; and dainty dishes were served up to him, as his appetite improved, which certainly surpassed old Dan's culinary skill to concoct. Yet neither the female called Esther, nor the gentle girl who had so generously compassionated his sufferings, came near him; and, having nothing else to do, he gave way more and more to the curiosity that tormented him.

Sometimes he felt indignant that his honor should be suspected by the relatives of this fair young creature; sometimes, in more rational mood, he commended their prudence in secluding her. But, in each and every mood, he longed to behold her; and at last, chance gave him the opportunity he sought.

Lying one evening in the moonlight, listening to the sounds that proclaimed her presence in the adjoining room, he heard Dan quit the cottage on some errand. Had his neice accompanied him? No. He could hear a light footfall occasionally, and the firelight that gleamed through a crack in the door was obscured, ever and anon, as she flitted to and fro.

Should he call her? Should he entreat her to come and speak to him? Nay, the sound of his voice would probably be a signal for her flight, and he banished the idea. But he could not be content without an effort to break down the barrier raised between them; and seizing a huge herbal, the only book Dan had been able to find for his amusement, he dropped it heavily upon the floor.

As he had expected, the door flew open, and the girl peered doubtfully into the room; but it was so dark that she could but just distinguish the outlines of the form stretched on Dan's bed.

She spoke; but receiving no answer, she stepped nearer and nearer to the invalid, murmuring to herself the while, "He is worse; he has fainted! What shall I do to revive him?"

Though half ashamed of the ruse he was practicing, Max lay perfectly still, until her trembling fingers touched his wrist, and then he ventured to relieve her fears.

"Thanks!" he whispered; "I am better. But pray do not go away!" for already she was retreating. "You cannot know how I have longed to see you, and thank you for your sympathy! Ah, do not leave me yet! If you could imagine how miserably depressing it is to lie here, day after day, seeing no one, speaking with no one but old Dan, you would take pity on me!"

The face, which the hood of a waterproof wrapper partially concealed, was turned towards him while he spoke, and Max mentally anathematized the darkness that hindered him from beholding it more clearly.

"You must be lonely, indeed!" she said, in commiserating accents. "Why not apprize your friends where you are?"

"Because I have none in England. I am a Californian, travelling here for my own amusement. I do not know a creature who would care to come to me!"

"Then you were not raving when you talked of Sacramento and San Francisco?" and she insensibly lessened the distance she had been so carefully preserving. "And you will be returning to your own country, I suppose, as soon as you are well enough?"

"Most certainly I shall."

Before he could say another word, Dan Calynack put his head in at the door, growling out something between a reproach and an inquiry; but, with an imperative gesture, he was silenced.

"I choose to talk to your patient, Uncle Dan; and I shall come to see him to-morrow and bring him some books. He is a stranger—an American; and, and——"

She finished her sentence in a whisper, intended for the ears of the fisherman alone; but Max felt certain that he caught the words, "*There is nothing to be feared from him.*"

Dan gave a dissatisfied cough, for which he was summarily dismissed.

"Go away and light your lamp, Uncle. I will come and talk to you directly."

As the old man, with evident reluctance, obeyed, his reputed niece turned once more to Max.

"Can you give me some proof that you are what you represent yourself?"

"My pocket-book contains papers that will attest my veracity," he answered. "I had it in my possession before I fell."

"Uncle Dan found it at the foot of the cliffs, together with a travelling-bag, which must be your property. You shall show me the proofs I require, and tell me your name, to-morrow. Till then, adieu."

She was gone, but she had left one token of her presence, which Max contrived to secure, and examined at his leisure. It was a handkerchief, slightly scented with a fashionable *extrait*, and marked with a floral monograph, which he was not sufficiently versed in ladies' work to decipher. Was it customary for the nieces of Cornish fishermen to carry such dainty articles as this little *mouchoir*?

Max Haverying was one of the most practical of men, and apt to find very matter of fact reasons for everything that perplexed him. But he had heard words spoken that implied a mystery, and he could not help dwelling on them more persistently than before, now that this square of perfumed cambric was lying beneath his pillow, and the refined accents of the young girl haunting his memory.

Would she come, as she had promised, and should he learn her true history from her own lips?

He would have questioned Dan, but the old man was more silent than ever, though Max contrived to startle him out of his stolidity by one suggestion he hazarded.

"Dan, I verily believe that the young lady you call your niece is the much vaunted beauty of the Abbey—the belle of whom I heard long before I reached this part of Cornwall, Eleanor Penruan."

The old fisherman stared at him in amazement, but shrugged his broad shoulders when Max had finished speaking, and answered, quietly enough, "My lad, ye haven't got the craze out of your brain yet. Miss Eleanor is no more like my little lassie than you are, and she's too proud to cross the thrastle" (threshold) "of Dan Calynack's cottage."

"Tell me, then——"

But Dan was gone before his guest could get any further; and Max went to sleep that night with the word "To-morrow" upon the lips that impatience had fevered.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE LOST WEDDING-RING

A PHYSICIAN'S STORY.

It was in the summer of '55 that I became the medical attendant of a lady well known in the highest circles of New York, and whom I shall call Mrs. Granville. She was the daughter of a late noted financier, and said to be one of the wealthiest women in America. Left, at the age of fifty, a childless widow, she had adopted a young girl of remarkable beauty and intellect, whom she had brought with her from a distant rural excursion, at first in the capacity of a humble companion merely. Before long, however, Lelia (as the protégé was called) was treated in all respects as Mrs. Granville's own daughter, had received her surname, and was generally regarded as the destined heiress of the widow's vast possessions.

The two ladies, with their domestics, were the sole occupants of one of the most imposing mansions in Fifth Avenue.

When I first saw Lelia Granville, she had ripened into an accomplished woman of the superb Junonian type, somewhat haughty and reserved in her intercourse with society, but lavishing all the wealth of an impetuous and most affectionate nature upon a few intimates, and chiefly upon her adoptive mother, whom she treated with uniform, though undemonstrative, respect and tenderness. Her real origin was unknown to any of their numerous acquaintances, among many of whom she passed as Mrs. Granville's own daughter; and the latter was evidently quite willing that the impression should prevail.

On visiting Mrs. Granville for the first time, I found her laboring under an attack of billious remittent fever. The usual remedies were prescribed, and appeared to operate successfully, and at the end of a fortnight, I pronounced my patient fully convalescent. In the course of conversation I now learned that Lelia was engaged to Mr. Carrington, a scion of one of our best families.

For some days Mrs. Granville's condition continued to improve. Then, to my great perplexity, she began to grow worse. A train of obscure and anomalous symptoms set in, for which I was wholly unable to account. It is unnecessary to describe them in detail; they all corresponded with those of a particular remedy—one of the most powerful in the materia medica of the school to which I belong—that of homœopathy. This remedy was faithfully administered, but with no apparent effect. The mysterious disease would seem at irregular intervals to suspend its progress, and then, while I was congratulating myself on the success of the treatment, I would be confronted by the same insidious, inexplicable phenomena.

I need hardly say that I watched and studied this case with the closest attention, sometimes calling several times daily, and observing narrowly all the surroundings of the patient. On these occasions I seldom failed to meet Lelia in the sick room. Her grief at Mrs. Granville's failing condition, was unusually touching; for when a nature like Lelia's is deeply moved, its manifestations are not those of ordinary mortals. Her sorrow had nothing obtrusive; she did not waylay me with questions and complaints; but the pallor of her once brilliant complexion, her compressed lips, and the mute entreaty of her glance as she addressed the usual inquiries as to the state of her adoptive mother, all betrayed the intensity of her feelings.

At last the case was plain. The curative agent upon which, in a highly attenuated form, I chiefly relied, had disappointed me. Yet the symptoms continued to be those which, according to the laws of my science, unerringly pointed to that agent. I was therefore forced, most reluctantly, to the conclusion that Mrs. Granville was laboring under the effects of that very substance, in comparatively massive doses; in short, she was being slowly poisoned! But by whom? This much only I could say positively; that the criminal must be some one in regular attendance on my patient. Lelia Granville and the hired nurse took turns in watching, and the latter always remained in the room. The nurse was a very quiet, middle-aged person, of few words. The references were unexceptionable, and she had had much experience in her vocation. It was impossible to suspect her, unless as a mere instrument in the hands of another. Lelia Granville would seem to have no motive for attempting the life of her dearest friend and benefactress, to whose wealth she would probably soon succeed in the course of nature. Nevertheless, I felt it to be my decided duty to remove from her path even the faintest shadow of such a painful suspicion.

With this view I formed a plan by which I hoped to settle conclusively the question of her guilt or innocence. I first sought an interview with Mrs. Granville's housekeeper, an elderly person, whom I had known and esteemed for many years. To her I confided the dreadful secret, and enlisted her zealous cooperation. I had previously managed that the nurse should be got out of the way for a few hours, by a pretended message of an urgent nature from the country, and that the housekeeper should take her place in the sick-room. The medicines, I found, were generally administered by Lelia's own hands. They were always in powders, and in appearance and taste would not differ perceptibly from the poisonous doses which I knew must have been substituted for them. The patient's chamber contained a large mirror, so hung that, when the door was open, a person standing on the landing could command a full view of what took place at the bedside.

On a certain morning it was arranged that I should bring the powders in carefully marked papers, which were to be given that day, and leave them with Lelia. The housekeeper was, at the proper time, to slip out of the room and watch until she should see Lelia on the point of administering the first dose, when she was to hurry in, and, pretending I had just sent word that the wrong medicine had been left by mistake, secure the papers, whose contents I would submit to a chemical analysis. This programme was carried out to the letter. The result, to my grief and horror, left no room for doubt that the intended murderess was Lelia Granville.

The crime had already proceeded so far, that prompt action on my part was imperatively called for. I sent to Lelia a brief note, telling her that all was known; that denial or concealment would avail her nothing; but that, out of compassion for her victim and friends, the matter would be allowed to drop and remain unknown to them, on condition that, as she was a Roman Catholic, she would immediately take refuge in some convent, where she might pass the remainder of her days in making such atonement as was possible for her contemplated offence.

The effect of this warning was not what I had looked for. Lelia answered it without delay, by calling at my office in company with her affianced husband, Mr. Carrington. With an air of indignation I should have thought it hardly possible for her to assume, she denied in the strongest terms all thoughts of such a deed, and dared me to produce my proofs. When I had detailed my stratagem and its results, showing indisputably that the poison could have been prepared by none but herself, the power of speech seemed to desert her for a few moments. Recovering herself, she turned to her horror-stricken lover, and, in a tone whose depth of agony I shall never forget, exclaimed, beseechingly, "Eugene! this is abominable—tell him you don't believe it!"

Standing with his eyes fixed gloomily upon the floor, he made her no reply.

Then the beautiful head was bowed low, and, without another word, she would have fallen senseless, had I not caught her in my arms. Brain fever set in, and for some weeks her life hung on a thread. Bodily health returned slowly; but the delicate brain-structure had sustained too rude a shock, and the once gifted, joyous Lelia was an incurable maniac!

Meantime I had ordered Mrs. Granville into the country, where, by great care, she partially recovered. She was never informed of my discovery, and always attributed Lelia's unhappy derangement to over anxiety and wakefulness during her own sickness.

Some two years later, I happened to call on Mrs. Granville, when she informed me of an incident which, a few days before, had startled her considerably. Showing me a plain, but massive gold ring, she told me it had been found in her bed-chamber by a servant, while sweeping the floor. She had discovered, by names and date engraved inside, that it was her mother's wedding ring, given by that mother, on her death-bed, to Mrs. Granville's only sister, who had died years ago in New Orleans. How came it in the house? Of course I could offer no explanation, though really inclined to attribute Mrs. Granville's perplexity to some lapse of memory on her part. Not many months afterwards, the mystery was solved in a most unlooked-for and painful manner, as follows:

I was one day called, for the first time, to see a sick and lonely woman, in an obscure boarding-house. I soon satisfied myself that she had but a few days to live.

"Doctor," she said, when I had concluded my examination, fixing her cavernous black eyes on mine with a look of painful eagerness, "I want a plain answer to a plain question: Shall I ever get well?"

I frankly told her my opinion of her case.

"Thank you, doctor," she rejoined; "I have thought as much myself for some time, and I sent for you principally in order to make a clean breast in respect to certain transactions which are fully known to none but ourselves. You are Mrs. Granville's physician. I am both her sister and the nurse who attended her in illness two years ago. She had been bitterly opposed to the man I married; and after I went with my husband to New Orleans, we ceased to correspond. A person of my name died of yellow fever in that city, and it seems she supposed it was myself. In the course of a few years my husband lost all his property, fell into dissipated habits, and at his death left me without friends or resources. I found my way to New York, and, under an assumed name, adopted the calling of a nurse. In this capacity, I accidentally became an inmate of my sister's abode. Contrasting my own condition with her luxurious surroundings, I persuaded myself that I was deeply wronged. Should she die I might be cheated out of my rightful inheritance, in favor of an artful adventuress, for so I regarded Lelia Granville. After long brooding over these ideas, I resolved to strike at both mother and daughter by the same weapon. It was I who prepared the poisons, and regularly substituted them for your medicines; endeavoring that, in case of detection, suspicion might first fall on Lelia. In the latter design I was materially aided by the merest accident. I was deceived, as you know, by a pretended urgent message, into leaving suddenly for the country. I had not gone many rods from the house, when I found that I had left behind me a ring which, if seen by Mrs. Granville, might betray my identity. I immediately returned to secure it. A man-servant was sweeping the pavement, and the street-door stood open. He did not see me, and no one else noticed my entrance. Passing the dining-room door, I overheard your voice mentioning my name and Lelia's. I paused, listened, and in five minutes had learned your whole plan for the detection of the poisoner, as you explained it to the housekeeper. I proceeded quickly up stairs, still meeting no one, and entered a small dressing-room opening out of the apartment where Mrs. Granville lay as I had left her, sound asleep. Here I concealed myself in an empty wardrobe, between the doors of which I could plainly see all that passed in the sick room. In a few minutes Lelia entered. She placed the powders you had just given her on a stand, and then seated herself by the bedside. After gazing with tearful eyes and a most affectionate expression on the sleeping woman, she knelt down, and resting her forehead on the counterpane, seemed to pray inwardly. This was the moment I chose in which at once to defeat your stratagem, and consummate my own design. A package of poison was ready in my bosom, and the medicine was lying close to the door I was looking through. While Lelia was interceding at the Throne of Grace for her benefactress, I stole from my hiding-place, snatched up the papers, placed mine in their stead, and then left the dressing-room by another door, leading to the back stairs. The servants were at dinner, and I fled from the house unseen, as I had entered it. The rest you know too well. I am a murderess only in intention; my sister still lives; but Lelia! Oh! doctor, say that you, at least, forgive me!"

For some moments I was unable to answer the appeal. This, then, was the upshot of the device on which I had prided myself. I had unwittingly made myself the accomplice of this dying wretch, in ruining the reputation and prospects of an innocent, high-souled girl, and torturing her into madness! Did even the saving of Mrs. Granville's life compensate for such a sacrifice? I told the penitent that she must seek forgiveness at a higher source, and hastily left the house. I never saw her again, but heard that she died early in the following week, after having resorted, with apparent success, to the consolations of religion. Of course, poor Mrs. Granville never knew of the confession. In a few years she too passed away; and the bulk of her property, after providing for the support of Lelia, who is still an inmate of a lunatic asylum, was divided among various charitable institutions.

Perhaps the saddest passage in this narrative remains to be given. Eugene Carrington, Lelia's former betrothed, still lived single. I thought it my duty to seek him out, and inform him of what I have just related. He turned ghastly pale while listening to the story, but made no remark.

A few months afterwards, I heard that he had perished by his own hand.

DAYS OF MY CHILDHOOD

BY M. M.

Looking far down the obscure, clouded vista of time, I see the days of my childhood spread out before me like a most brilliant landscape softened to exquisite beauty by the haze of an Indian summer. Oh, happy childhood! thoughtless days seemed one long, long holiday, in which to chase the butterfly, with its wings of many hues, and play uninterruptedly those innocent games in which childhood delights! Ah, where are those sunny days now? Where have they flown? The chilling winter winds of adversity seem to whisper, "To endless eternity, never more to return!"

The dark waves of affliction have swept over my soul, nearly engulfing it in their flow, and awakened me from that long, fair, childhood's dream to the stern, pitiless realities of material life, and, before stepping into the ranks of its many workers, some sad and despairing, wishing that the end was come, yet waiting patiently, others joyous and brimming with hope, I would fain permit my weary eyes to roam over the tablets of memory, and read what is inscribed thereon, and perchance I may assume my cross with lighter heart, and pursue my thorny pathway with a more willing—nay, eager—step, that I may sooner arrive at that "house not made with hands."

What first greets my eye? A beautiful home adorned with luxuries to satisfy the taste of the most indulgent, ease-loving of men. Passing up the broad avenue leading from the little white gate to the flight of granite steps, I ascend, and entering, wander through the long suite of parlors and sitting-rooms, till at last my trembling hand rests upon the ivory knob of the dining-room door. Hearing the clatter of knives and forks and murmur of voices, I softly turn the knob and peer in at the bright gathering. At the foot of the table sits a noble looking man. There are some few silver threads amid the raven locks that shade his broad white brow, as yet untouched by the furrows of time. His eagle eye is lighted with proud fondness as it rests upon the happy family ranged on each side and softens to inexpressible tenderness as it encounters that of his beloved wife, who has never failed to comfort him in sickness or trouble, and rejoice in his happiness.

When I look and listen, my heart lifted above the petty cares and turmoil of the outside world, a door opens and nurse enters with "baby" kicking and crowing, as she stretches forth her little, chubby hands with "Mamma, tate Tutie!" And watch the proud smile of that fond mother, as she reaches out her arms, into which her darling springs with a cry of delight! Happy gathering! No more shall it be till they meet in that bright, heavenly land, whither have already fled four of the happy group. "Which four?" you ask. Ah, father, help me to bear the cross which thou in thine Infinite wisdom and mercy has seen fit to lay upon my shrinking form!

First passed away my sister Sarah. I remember as in a dream her death-bed; the darkened room in one corner of which stood a low bed occupied by my dying sister; on the foot sat my mother, bowed down with grief; and around stood her numerous friends, silent in the presence of the dread Destroyer, while, crushed to the earth with his burden of woe, her husband sat by her head, holding the attenuated hand so soon to be cold. She lay there, tossing from side to side, moaning faintly and more faintly still as the tide of life slowly ebbed, taking with it the joy of the bereaved husband and parents.

The second time the gaunt visitant invaded our home, the head was taken, and the heart-broken wail of the widow found its echo in that of the orphans as it ascended to the great white throne of Him who "loveth whom he chasteneth."

A short two years, and another went to join the heavenly host—brother Frank was released from his suffering.

The scene changes, and instead of the rolling blue grass, with its sky of cerulean blue o'erhead appear deep, serene valleys. There the days seem to fly on golden pinions, all sorrows forgot by thoughtless childhood, except when looking into the sad, sad eyes of her who ever remembered her irreparable loss.

Again does the scene change, and "my Maryland" is our home. The days seem to grow longer and more troublous, and the far famed Santa Claus of yore is no more to be trusted, for, according to tradition, he often forgets his poor friends.

Yes, "genteel" poverty has become installed in the once happy home, and our mother is fading, fading day by day, as the beautiful lily when deprived of its support, flourishes for a little while, then droops and fades away, no more to lift its regal head to the kiss of the day-god.

The wheels of time revolve slowly but surely and as slowly is that mother drifting, drifting beyond the pale of all things on earth. At last the crowning stroke comes—the more suddenly because imperceptibly—and my mother, my blessed mother, clothed in spotless white, sings this day a heavenly chorus with the redeemed around our Father's throne on high! Father, mother, sister and brother! All there to await my entrance through the pearly gates! How long, oh, how long, will it be?

Hark—a footstep! I must close this book of memory and set a seal thereon. The battle of life is to be fought, a heavenly crown to be gained, so back into the darkest closet of the soul, days of my childhood, and come not forth again to mock me with tantalizing visions of lost, forever lost, happiness!

GREAT TALKERS.

Verily, their name is legion—and no wonder. It is very hard work to keep still and listen while another recounts his plans, relates his spicy anecdotes, or recounts thrilling adventures, without wanting to have a finger in the pie yourself. We are apt, also, to wax indignant and impatient when he monopolizes the time we should have to ourselves. Does he think nothing ever happened to anybody but himself? Has no one else had hair-breadth escapes or seen wonders but he? And we would just like to tell him what happened that dark and stormy night when we came up the Channel; but it's no use. In a ceaseless monotone he spins out the never-ending web of talk, until forbearance ceases to be a virtue, and yet we cannot get away.

Of such a nature was old Mr. Jonathan Morse. An inveterate talker, who clung to a listener like death to a drowning man, and from whom it was nearly impossible to escape. His wife and children had grown so used to this constant drip, drip, that well might wear the solid rock, that they no longer minded it. But strangers did not fare so well. Many a man had essayed to do the agreeable to the old gentleman for the sake of his handsome daughters, and fled in dismay from the terrible infliction of that remorseless tongue.

At last, there came to the house one afternoon a suitor for the hand of the youngest girl. He was a handsome stripling, blue-eyed, and delicate in frame, yet with a spirit strong to do and dare. He was presented to papa, whom he was, of course, desirous to please. A man who would listen with patience was a prize too rare not to be secured at once; and Mr. Jonathan Morse lost no time. The old gentleman gave him a chair, and drew beside him another for himself—and then he talked. On and on, one steadily flowing stream whose current moved on steadily over every obstacle. The poor boy fidgeted in vain. There was no hope. The sun set and the evening waned apace. Nine, ten, eleven—and, one by one, the family had slipped away, till at last the two were left alone. Talk, talk, talk, and the slender form of the youth cowered and shrank under the resistless torrent.

Of that night's work there is no record. But when the morning's sun shone brightly in at the window the next day, the first descending members of the family beheld a strange sight. Upon the floor lay the motionless form of the boy, sound asleep; while beside him, his voice grown faint and husky from long exertion, knelt the remorseless old man, whispering in the ears of the sleeping youth.

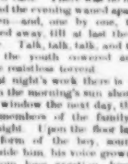
WHAT A TEACHER SHOULD NOT DO.

Never talk much nor loud. Never promise what you cannot perform. Never threaten for anticipated offences. Never be hasty in word or action. Never punish when angry. Never speak in a scolding, fretful manner. Never tell a pupil to do a thing unless convinced he can do it. Never attempt to teach too many things. Never compare one child with another. Never use a hard word when an easy one will answer as well. Never let your pupils see that they can vex you. Never allow tale-bearing. Never let a known fault go unnoticed. Never speak evil of others. Never indulge in anything inconsistent with politeness.

LACE.—The times of William and Mary were the most prodigal of all in the wearing of expensive lace, the taste being set by the sovereigns, who acquired it in Flanders, the great lace-producing country. The effigies of William and Mary in Westminster Abbey were adorned with remarkably fine lace; Queen Mary's tucker and double sleeves being of the finest raised Venice point, and King William was magnificent with a rich lace cravat and ruffles. William III was, indeed, a terrific consumer of lace, and his lace bills are something incommensurable. Lace for twenty-four of his night shirts cost £499 10s., and he spent on an average more than £2,000 a year in purchasing lace.

NATURE has neither language nor discourse; but she creates tongues and hearts, by which she feels and speaks.

WHEN truth offends no one, it ought to pass out of the mouth as naturally as the air we breathe.



A Lady

Returning to her home in the country after a sojourn of a few weeks in the city, was hardly recognized by her friends; in place of a coarse, rustic, flushed face, she had a soft, clear, smooth and beautiful skin, and instead of thirty, which she was, she really appeared but eighteen. Upon inquiry as to the cause of so great a change, she frankly told them that she had been using George W. Laird's "Bloom of Youth," and it was this invaluable acquisition to the toilet that made the wonderful change. Sold at all druggists. Depot, 5 Gold street, New York. Price, 75 cents.

OH, TRY AND BE CONTENT.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

Oh, harbor not within thy breast
The seeds of discontent;
Oh, let not all the joys of life
In grumbling be misspent;
Oh, cavil not whate'er thy lot,
Though wealth thy pathway shuns,
But cast a glance upon the fate
Of dark misfortune's sons;
And if thou hast a cheerful home,
A shelter day and night,
Contrast thy favored lot with those
Who never feel joy's light.

Go take thy stand in some dark lane,
Or alley, court, or street,
And gaze upon the wretched forms
Which grovel at your feet.
Observe each face so gaunt with want,
And misery and woe;
See how the tears of *real distress*
In torrents swiftly flow;
And as you hear them give their ills
And poverty full vent,
Then blush to think you ever thought
Of being discontent.

THE SECRET AGENT;

OR,

The Struggle for Liberty.

Philadelphia in 1776.

BY CHARLES MORRIS,

AUTHOR OF "PLIGHTED IN PERIL," ETC

[This story was commenced in No. 8?, Vol. ??. Back numbers can always be obtained.]

CHAPTER XXVIII.

LETTY'S TRIUMPH.

Another episode of the Meschianza invites our attention.

Madge Lawson sat in anxious expectancy, in one of the cool window seats of the ball-room.

"Have you seen him? Is he here?" she excitedly asked of Allen Brooks, who approached her after his encounter with Captain Collins.

"For a moment only. Do you see the tall, well-dressed man, with the dark face; the one who leans against the edge of the alcove, yonder?"

"Yes, yes. I noticed him before."

"Fitz had some words with him. I know not what. Doubtless you will soon learn."

The man seemed to be searching with busy eyes, for some one in the crowded room. He now left his station and crossed the apartment.

Brooks drew back as he approached them, his eyes fixed on Madge.

"Am I right?" he asked politely. "Do I speak to Miss Lawson?"

"That is my name," was her reply.

"I have been to Mrs. Martin's house in search of you," he said, "and was directed here. I needed to see you on immediate and important business."

"Of what nature?" she nervously asked.

"I am just from beyond the lines," he said. "I had occasion to stop at your father's house, and found that he was dangerously ill. Your mother earnestly requested me to see you, and give you this note."

"My father ill!" she exclaimed, hastily tearing open the note. "Good Heaven!" she cried, as she rapidly perused it, "he is seriously sick! Oh! how shall I get home? I must go there without a moment's delay."

"I have a chaise at the door. My errand in the city is done. I shall be happy to escort you," said the man.

She looked earnestly at Brooks, who now approached, and gave him the note to read.

"Is this your mother's hand?" he gravely asked.

"Yes. It appears to be."

"Then I think you can do no better than accept this gentleman's offer."

There was a look of cautious intelligence in his eyes as he spoke.

"I am obliged to you then, sir," she frankly said, "and if it be no inconvenience to you——"

"Not the least, I assure you."

"Then I will gladly avail myself of your escort."

In five minutes more she found herself wrapped for the road, in a two-horse chaise at the door, the person who had brought the note beside her, a third person on the box as driver.

As they rattled rapidly away through the quiet streets, only Madge's attentive ears heard the footfall of hoofs behind them, only her quick eye caught the forms of two horsemen half buried in the gloom of the night.

But other events were preparing, unforseen by these pursuers, and of a character to fatally interfere with their plans.

Hardly had the chaise crossed the lines, which a pass enabled it to do, before the whole sky was filled with a blaze of light as from a sudden conflagration.

The whole line of the abatte's was in flames. From end to end of the British lines the long roll was beaten. From river to river answered each other the roar of the alarm guns. Turmoil reigned supreme.

It was a scheme of Colonel McLane's. Determined to break into the sports of their British foes, he had cautiously approached their lines, with one hundred infantry, supported by Conrad's company of dragoons, and carrying camp kettles filled with combustibles.

The scheme was successful, the line of abattes was fired, and the alarm spread like wildfire throughout the British army, roused by the roll of drums and roar of cannon.

Yet the ladies of the Meschianza were so managed by the officers that they did not dream of the real meaning of this alarm, and the sports went on as before, Captain Collins and one or two other cavalry officers alone leaving the room.

The lurid light of the conflagration displayed as in the light of day the chaise which had just crossed the lines, and was driving rapidly on a road leading from the city.

It was observed by the American dragoons, and a squad of men rode forward to intercept it. At once the driver plied his whip on the horses, and pushed forward at full speed. At this evident desire to escape, the dragoons put the spear to their horses and rode rapidly after the fugitives.

Meanwhile the pursuing horsemen from the city had reached the outer line of Sentries just as the alarm was given.

"Halt there!" cried the loud voice of an officer, who had rushed to the front. "You cannot pass."

"I must. I am in chase of a fugitive spy who has carried off one of the Meschianza ladies."

"What, in the chaise yonder?"

"Yes. We have pursued him from the ball-room."

"The word?"

"Windsor."

"Right. But your story does not sound probable. You must remain here till this alarm is over."

"I tell you my story is true," cried Brooks, impatiently. "I have General Howe's pass to leave the lines at all hours."

"If you had a dozen passes you should not pass now," said the officer peremptorily.

A rattling fusillade of shots followed his words.

Brooks turned pale, and looked as if inclined to press forward at the risk of drawing the fire of the sentries. He turned and spoke in a low tone to his follower, Gordon.

The rattle of cavalry accoutrements was heard. In a moment more a hastily mounted company came dashing up the street and across the lines, Captain Collins at their head.

After they had passed, with clank of sabre and thunder of hoof, the British officer turned to speak again with the two horsemen. But they had disappeared.

"What became of those two men?" he asked sharply of a soldier beside him.

"What men?" was the reply.

"The two horsemen who stood here just now?"

"I saw some men ride into the rear line of the dragoons," said the soldier. "It might have been them."

The officer looked hastily forward, and distinguished the black coats of Brooks and Gordon among the red ones of the dragoons.

"Sold!" he ejaculated. "If it was not for danger to our men I would treat those fellows to a bullet for their pains."

The Americans, of whom the dragoons were in pursuit, were not so easy to find. They had already retired, and, full of mirth at the alarm they had created, were rapidly marching away from pursuit.

Brooks and his companion soon took occasion to fall back from the line of troopers, and to turn their horses' heads in another direction.

Meanwhile the pursuit of the fugitives by the dragoons continued. The chaise horses were rapid animals, and under the keen impulse of their driver's whip they tore over the ground at furious speed, distancing the slower cavalry horses.

But the weight they had to draw, and the necessity of some little caution in driving through the semi-darkness that prevailed, put them at a disadvantage to the mounted men. After a mile of this swift flight and pursuit two or three of the best mounted dragoons were found to be rapidly gaining upon them. The driver looked back, and plied his whip more sharply. For a few minutes he seemed to be regaining his lost ground. Then the dragoons again shortened the distance between them.

"Halt!" cried the foremost of the latter, or I will bring you up with a bullet."

"Fire, and be hanged!" came in defiant tones from the driver.

The pursuer was as good as his word. There was the sharp crack of a pistol, and a bullet whizzed by in unpleasant proximity to the heads of those in the chaise.

The driver looked anxiously back, to see a black-whiskered officer close behind.

"Pull up!" cried the latter again, in a loud voice. "If I fire again something will fall."

"Would you shoot a woman?" asked the driver.

"A woman, eh? You are running away with a woman, are you, you white-livered Tory? Pull up, I tell you, while your head's whole."

The driver replied by giving his horses another lash with the whip. The maddened animals sprung forward, dashing the chaise from side to side of the road. A faint scream followed this perilous motion.

"By ——! there is a woman!" cried Captain Conrad, for t was he. "Drop that near horse, Kerr. We must put a stop to this business."

In dread of having his horses shot the driver now attempted to draw them up. His movement saved them from the bullet of Sergeant Kerr, which shot past the neck of one of the animals.

"Hold! I will bring them too!" cried the driver, tugging at the frightened horses. He had a strong hand, and their pace was rapidly lessened.

Captain Conrad and Sergeant Kerr now rode past the chaise, on its opposite sides, and grasped the bridles of the horses. A sharp tug and they were brought almost to a stand.

A cry from the chaise caused the Captain to turn and look back. The form of a woman was alone visible, in the strong moonlight, bending forward and pointing to the grove that adjoined the road.

"They are gone! escaped!" she cried. "They leaped from the chaise and took to the woods."

"By thunder! this is fine," he ejaculated. "And who have we here?"

"Captain Conrad, is it not?" she asked.

"That is my name. Who is it that knows me?"

"I am Madge Lawson."

"Madge Lawson!" he exclaimed, in tones of amazement. "Well this beats me! Another runaway affair. And who were those gentlemen?"

She was hindered from answering by a loud voice from behind, which called out.

"Men that you should be pursuing, instead of parlying here. It is Captain Fitz, and one of his gang!"

An oath of astonishment burst from the lips of Captain Gordon. He turned to the speaker, crying out:

"And who are you, that know him so well?"

"Follow me, if you would know," cried the other, as he dashed past at the full speed of his horse. "The fellow must not escape. It is bright moonlight. Let all the roads be patrolled."

"That's easy to say, with the British dragoons out," yelled Conrad in reply. "After him, men. Let not a rat cross the roads. But look out for British sabres."

He turned back to the chaise.

"Miss Lawson, this astonishes me," he said. "How came you again into the power of that man? And from the city, too."

"It is too long a story to tell just here, Captain, she replied. "I must either get forward, or back."

"I will escort you," said a third person, riding up. It was Gordon, the companion of Brooks.

"Who are you?" asked Conrad, sharply.

"He is a friend," replied Madge, in evident fear lest the dragoon should discover that her lover was abroad. "I will not detain you longer, captain. I can trust this gentleman to take me home. I thank you deeply for your kindness."

"Well, if you're so ready to trust him, it is all right, I suppose," said Conrad suspiciously, with a keen glance at Gordon. "Looks honest enough," he muttered. "Good night then, I have work ahead."

"Good night," she called after him, as he rode swiftly on.

But we must leave them to make the best of their way out of the difficult situation, and hasten forward to our other characters.

Brooks had ridden forward with a keen eye to the right of the road. He knew the country thoroughly, and had already formed his opinion as to the probable movements of Fitz. It was quite improbable that the tories would return to the city. With the excitement prevailing in the British outposts, such a course might have proved dangerous. Nor was Fitz likely to remain in the fields he had entered, surrounded and cut by roads and lanes as they were, and with Conrad's dragoons in pursuit.

He would be more likely to dash forward at all hazards, and seek to place himself at a distance from this dangerous neighborhood as soon as possible.

His pursuer, therefore, rode rapidly forward, seeking to gain the point at which the fugitive would probably cross the road he was on.

The tactics of Brooks proved correct. Just as he reached the point in question, and drew up his horse for a keen glance about the locality, a single figure dashed across the road, about one hundred yards before him. The fugitives had evidently separated, but Brooks was at no loss to recognize the one before him. He knew at once the tall, slim, graceful figure of the Tory leader, and gave his horse the rein with a shout which first apprised the outlaw of his dangerous neighbor.

A single moment Captain Fitz stood, looking back as if inclined to try conclusions with this one horseman. But his keen eye caught a glitter in the moonlight, further down the road, and he knew that reinforcements were approaching.

In an instant more he had leaped the low fence and dashed into the field beyond, with a speed for which he was noted. He needed it all, for the horse of his pursuer was breasted at the fence, and sprung with a light bound into the field. It was a sharp chase of horse and man across the broad open field.

The fugitive reached, however, the second fence in advance, and was over it in a minute. Not so with the horseman. It was a high fence, and the rider had to dismount and draw out a couple of rails before his horse could pass. This gave Fitz a start, which he diligently improved. But the ground was hard and level, and the good steed of Allen Brooks thundered furiously on behind, the voice of the avenger ringing terribly in the ear of the fugitive.

A sort of panic took possession of him. His wonted boldness forsook him, and he fled like a chased hare, rather than like the daring renegade he had been.

The course of this moonlit chase lay in the exact route to Snyder's inn. Within this road-side hosted our fair friend, Letty, had got through with her evening cares and amusements, and had just sought the room which had once served as a prison for Allen Brooks, with some object connected with the slumbers of the night.

Her plans were destined to be rudely interrupted. She heard a light foot on the stairs leading to the room. Turning in surprise, she saw the door open and the form of a man enter the room.

He was a tall, good-looking personage, who seemed nearly overcome with weariness. He started back with surprise on seeing her, and made, as if he would have left the room. But she slipped hastily between him and the door, which she closed, and stood with her back to it.

"Not so fast," she said, "you came in here without an invitation. You will ask me before going out."

"I mean no harm," he said, "I am pursued by enemies. I must beg you to conceal me from them."

"You badly want concealment, with a key turned on you," she said severely. "You cannot deceive me. I know you, Captain Fitz."

He turned pale and made a hasty step towards her.

"Stand back, sir," she cried. "Jim Fitzpatrick should know that Letty Snyder is not to be trifled with."

"What do you mean, woman?" he asked fiercely, with another step towards her. "Will you dare betray me?"

"No threats, sir," was her stern reply. "I know you as the renegade Captain Fitz, as the abductor of Madge Lawson, as the plundering Tory who has a dozen times earned the gallows. You shall not be sheltered here except as in a prison. You go not from here except to a prison; there to meet the doom you have so richly earned."

"And who shall hinder me?" he cried, with a fierce oath.

"I! Letty Snyder! A woman! Let that add to the measure of your disgrace that you, who have laughed at men, was at last captured by a woman."

"Not yet or now!" he cried in reply, springing forward, and seeking to dash her from the door.

He might as well have striven to move an oak tree. The girl's fame for muscular vigor was well deserved, and she was scarcely shaken by the onslaught of her antagonist.

On the contrary, she wound her firm arms around him, pinioning his to his sides, and holding him as in a vice. He strove with his utmost strength to break from this unlooked-for assault; but in vain, her arms were like iron around him.

"I'll murder you, for this, woman!" he hissed.

She made no reply, only set her teeth firmly and strained her arms about his writhing frame.

"You have escaped from men; you shall not escape from me," she cried, though she felt that her over-exerted strength was fast yielding to the toughened vigor of the man.

Quick footsteps sounded below. Voices were heard.

"Help!" she cried. "This way! I have him! Fitz!"

A cry of exultation followed; hasty steps ascended the stairs; the door flew open, and the form of Allen Brooks stood revealed in the doorway. Behind him appeared several other men.

"Take him! I have captured him for you!" she cried, hurling him towards them with a last effort of strength.

She staggered from exhaustion, and had to lean against the wall for support, her face white and haggard. But a look of exultation lit up her eyes as she saw a dozen hands close on the form of the detested Tory.

CHAPTER XXIX.

A DUEL BY MOONLIGHT.

As if satisfied that escape was impossible, the captive yielded without a struggle, his face growing pale as he felt his hands tied firmly behind him, but not a word escaping his lips.

A dozen taunts were uttered by the men who had captured him, but he heard them all in utter silence, his lip curling with a scornful smile."

"There, take him away," said Brooks, severely, "and treat him like a man, not like a dog. Only cowards tread on the fallen."

Several of the men obeyed, leading away the captive. Others remained behind.

"I'd like to know who you are," said one of these angrily; "or who gives you the right to tell us how to deal with Tories."

"I have the human right. The right of every man to prevent brutality."

"Who is this fellow, gentlemen?" asked the man. "He is glib enough of his tongue. Take my word and you will hang Fitz without judge or jury."

"If you say much more you will find me glib of my hands, too," said Brooks, laying a heavy hand on the speaker's shoulder. "I don't permit tavern loungers to canvas me."

There was that in his look that admonished caution. The man jerked himself away from the strong grip, and relapsed into sullen silence.

Brooks turned disdainfully away, and strode downstairs, followed closely by the others. He had reached the first floor and was about to pass through the open door, when he was stopped by the hasty entrance of several newcomers. The light fell on the American soldier's dress and on cavalry accoutrements.

"Stand all!" cried the foremost of these. "Has any stranger entered here?"

"Captain Fitz. We have him!" cried a voice from behind.

"The deuce you have? That's lucky. Where is he?"

Brooks was passing them at the door, where the speaker turned quickly upon him.

"Who have we here? Ha! Allen Brooks, the spy! Catch him, lads. On your lives don't let him pass."

Brooks drew up his form with a momentary impulse to break through the line before him. But a glance showed him that it would have been madness. He would have been shot down before he could have taken a dozen steps. Sergeant Kerr, the speaker, stood looking at him with a glance of malignity that almost tempted him to try his hand on the sneering face before him.

In a moment, however, he was seized and bound, beyond possibility of action.

"He has slipped out of our hands often enough now. Don't give him him another chance," said the Sergeant.

"A spy?" cried the man who had quarrelled with Brooks. "This is the fellow who wanted to be so tender with Fitz. A spy is oftentimes worse than a Tory. I vote that we make short work with the traitor!"

"There ought to be no play with such chaps," cried one of the soldiers who held him. "He will give us leg bail again, to carry news to his British friends. A rope pillow and a graveyard bed is what I would give him."

"Good!" cried the other speaker. "The tree and the rope! Let's lynch the blasted spy."

There was a shout of agreement with this dangerous demand. His captors were already pulling Brooks through the open door. He grew pale at the imminent danger.

"Molest me at your peril!" he cried. "I have Washington's safeguard!"

"It is false!" cried Kerr. "Our General declares it is a forgery. To the gallows with him. Hold no parley with spies!"

"Away with him!" cried the soldiers. "To the nearest tree! He escaped us twice from this very house. Don't give him a third chance."

"Hold your murderous hands!" cried a woman's voice, as Letty Snyder broke through the circle of men. "Are you brutes, or men?"

"He is a spy," said one of them sullenly.

"And you are soldiers, not hangmen," she replied, sternly. "Release that man, or it will be worse for you. I shall report your action to your commander."

Some of the soldiers drew back at this decisive tone. But Sergeant Kerr was not easily quelled.

"Nice soldiers you are!" he cried scornfully, "to be cowed by a woman's scolding tongue. I will put the rope to his neck then. Let her try her talk on me."

He grasped Brooks roughly by a shoulder which had been released by one of the men.

"Along with him!" he said. "Is it going to take more time to hang a spy than to win a battle?"

"Yes, if you are the hangman," cried Letty. "My tongue won't move you, you say. See what my hands will do."

As she spoke she grasped the diminutive Sergeant by the waist, and hurled him reeling from the spot.

Blue with rage he rushed forward, his hands on his sword.

"None of that!" cried one of the civilians, stepping between them. "Touch a woman and you touch me."

"A woman!" cried Kerr, bitterly. "A woman with the tongue of a dragon and the arm of a giant!"

"It does not take a Samson to handle Sergeant Kerr," was her disdainful reply.

A loud laugh followed these words. The Sergeant pressed forward, mad with rage. What would have resulted was not easily foreseen. But at this moment a horseman rode up to the pre-occupied group. A single look opened to him the position of affairs.

"Back, Kerr!" he cried sternly. "What deviltry are you up to now? Ha! Brooks, is it you?"

"Yes, and these enthusiastic gentlemen are exceedingly anxious to hang me," was the cool reply.

Captain Conrad darted a look at them that caused them to draw back abashed.

"If you harmed him it would have been worse for you all," he cried. "I saw you, Letty, handle that rascal Kerr. I wish I had a regiment like you."

"What is to be done with Mr. Brooks?" she asked.

"I have General Washington's orders that he shall not be harmed, until he first has an audience with him. I shall send him forward at once, to camp."

"See then, that no harm comes to him till I have had an audience with Washington," she said. "He is in my debt. I may demand payment soon."

"What do you mean?" asked the Captain.

"You do not need to be told," was her reply.

"The British are out in force, Captain," said one of the soldiers. "I saw Captain Collins' company, not three miles back, beating up the roads."

"Then we had best get on. We are not strong enough to fight a regiment, and our fun is all over for to-night."

"May I have a word with you in private, Captain Conrad?" asked Brooks.

"Certainly," he replied, waving away the soldiers.

A conversation ensued, in a low tone, lasting some five minutes. It ended by Conrad calling out loudly:

"Then, by heavens! I go not a step back till I have had a brush with this British popinjay. I shall teach him of what stuff American men and American girls are made."

With a fierce energy he selected a squad to take charge of the two important prisoners, with strict orders to deliver them safely in camp, on peril of their lives.

With a dashing adieu to Letty, he put himself at the head of the troop and rode fiercely back by the way they had come, his face hot with passion.

Letty looked after him, half vexed at his abrupt departure. She turned to Brooks, who was looking intently at her.

"What did you tell him?" she asked, in a tone of command.

"It is his secret now. I must leave it to him to tell you," was the reply. "I have read to him a leaf from Captain Collins' private history."

"Captain Collins!" she cried.

"Yes, the charming Adonis of the British camp," he replied. "A villian in grain."

"What of him?" she asked, growing pale.

"I must leave the telling to Conrad," he replied. "I have promised."

She turned on her heel and walked into the house, varying shades of doubt, vexation and dread upon her face.

In ten minutes more two squads of troopers were riding northward, one guarding the renegade, Captain Fitz; the other the spy, Allen Brooks.

Meanwhile, Captain Conard had ridden far on his way southward. There was still bright moonlight, and they could see far in advance. Several roads had been traversed, four or five miles passed, before any signs of the British cavalry appeared. The latter were cautiously feeling their way from point to point, beating up the bush as they proceeded, too fearful of an ambuscade to dash rapidly onward.

It was with a surprise almost amounting to consternation then that they bore the onset of a troop of American dragoons, who burst suddenly out of a side road upon them. The swish of sabre strokes, the whistle of pistol balls, were almost the first intimation which the British had of this unexpected foe. They fell back in dismay, leaving several of their number on the ground. They had been driven back a hundred yards before they began to rally, under the stern commands of their leader.

"Don't you see that we are two to their one?" he yelled. "Are you going to turn tail and run like dogs from a handful of rebel troopers? Shame on you! Face them and they will not stand before you a minute."

His voice, which rang like a clarion, had an effect upon his men. Their flight ceased. They turned and entered into a hand to hand fight with the Americans.

Through all this scene Captain Conrad had but one object in view. Not a blow did he strike at meaner foes. He spurred his horse forward, drawing ever nearer to that of the opposing officer.

"Turn and face me!" he cried. "I know you, Captain Collins, and have a score to settle with you. Here is the spot. At our swords' point be it."

"What score?" cried the British officer, facing him.

"That of trying to deceive an American girl to her ruin, while having a wife behind you in England," was the stern reply.

"Ha! that fellow, Brooks, has been blabbing?" cried the English officer. "Swords be it then, and fair Letty Snyder the prize. Have at you, sir!"

"Come on!" hoarsely replied Conrad, catching the thrust of the other's sword dexterously upon his own blade.

The next moment a hot duel was being fought there on that narrow road, under the moonlit sky, by the two rivals in love and war. Stroke and thrust, thrust and stroke, their swords twined around each other like serpents or flashed like meteors through the air. Both were masters of fence, and quick and heavily as the blows fell not one reached its mark. The clash of steel on steel was the sole result of the hard fought combat.

The battle between the men gradually ceased, as they saw their leaders thus fiercely engaged. They drew back, with reddened saber, and curiously viewed the equal fight.

All unconscious of this the rivals fought on. Their well-trained horses answered to their slightest touch. They backed and wheeled as if their masters were but parts of themselves. And still, sword on sword, or sword on flesh, the duel raged. They had both touched the quick. Their swords' points were crimsoned. But no wounds felt they. For minutes that seemed hours they fought, their men looking on with excited brains and straining eyes.

"This for questioning the honor of a Briton!" cried Collins at length, with a fierce thrust that was avoided by an agile swerve of the body of his foe.

"And this for threatening the honor of an American woman!" yelled Conrad, with a sudden overhand stroke.

The blade of Collins went up hastily to ward this dangerous stroke. As it did so the stroke was suddenly changed to a thrust, and the sword of the American sank deep into the body of his foe.

"That for the honor of America and her woman!" cried Conrad, as the British captain fell heavily from his saddle. "After me, my merry men, our fight is over for to-night."

Northward, with merry speed, they rode through the night air. Southward, with doleful slowness, the Britons bore their wounded leader.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SUCCESS.

Every man must patiently bide his time; not in idleness, in useless pastime, or querulous dejection, but in constantly accomplishing his task, that when occasion comes he may be equal to it. The talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well, without a thought of fame. If it comes at all, it will come because it is deserved, not because it is sought after. It is very indiscreet and troublesome ambition which cares so much what the world says of us; to be always anxious about the effect of what we do or say; to be always shouting to hear the echoes of our voices.

EXPANDING THE LUNGS.—Step out into the pure air, stand perfectly erect, with the head and shoulders back, and then fixing the lips as though you were going to whistle, draw the air through the nostrils into the lungs. When the chest is about full, raise the arms, keeping them extended, with the palms of the hands down, as you suck in the air, so as to bring them over the head just as the lungs are quite full. Then drop the thumbs inward, and after gently forcing the arms backward and the chest open, reverse the process by which you draw your breath till the lungs are entirely empty. This process should be repeated three or four times a day. It is impossible to describe to one who has never tried it the glorious sense of vigor which follows the exercise. We know a gentleman, the measure of whose chest has been increased some three inches during as many months.

MODERN WOMEN.

It is a sad commentary upon our boasted civilization that the women of our times have degenerated in health and physique until they are literally a race of invalids—pale, nervous, feeble and back-achy, with only here and there a few noble exceptions in the persons of the robust, buxom ladies characteristic of the sex in days gone by. By a very large experience, covering a period of years, and embracing the treatment of many thousands of cases of those ailments peculiar to women, Dr. Pierce, of the World's Dispensary, Buffalo, N. Y., has perfected, by the combination of certain vegetable extracts, a natural specific, which he does not extol as a cure-all, but one which admirably fulfills a singleness of purpose, being a most positive and reliable remedy for those weaknesses and complaints that afflict the women of the present day. This natural specific compound is called Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. The following are among those diseases in which this wonderful medicine has worked cures as if by magic, and with a certainty never before attained by any medicines: Weak back, nervous and general debility, falling and other displacements of internal organs, resulting from debility and lack of strength in natural supports, internal fever, congestion, inflammation and ulceration and very many other chronic diseases incident to women, not proper to mention here, in which, as well as in the cases that have been enumerated, the Favorite Prescription effects cures—the marvel of the world. It will not do harm in any state or condition of the system, and by adopting its use the invalid lady may avoid that severest of ordeals—the consulting of a family physician. Favorite Prescription is sold by dealers in medicines generally.

AT our request, Cragin & Co., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, have promised to send any of our readers, gratis (on receipt of fifteen cents to pay postage), a sample of Dobbins' Electric soap to try. Send at once.

THE HOUSEKEEPER.

BLACKBERRY BRANDY.—Two quarts of the juice of blackberries, one pound of loaf sugar, one-half ounce of nutmeg, one-half ounce of cinnamon, one-half ounce of cloves, one-quarter ounce of pimento, (the spices are pulverized;) boil together about a half-hour, and when cold add a pint of the best brandy.

RYE DROPS FRIED.—One cup sour milk or butter-milk, three tablespoonfuls sugar, one of butter if buttermilk is not used, one egg, scant teaspoonful soda, and one of cinnamon, add rye flour sufficient to make a stiff batter. Take it up by the tablespoonful and drop into boiling hot lard, first dipping the spoon into the hot lard to prevent the dough sticking to the spoon.

RYE BISCUITS.—One pint milk, yeast, either home-made or baker's, one tablespoonful melted butter, and three tablespoonfuls of sugar, stir in flour enough to make as stiff as can be stirred with a spoon. Let it rise over night, and the next morning drop it into well buttered gem pans or biscuit pans. Bake half an hour in as hot an oven as can be used without scorching.

RYE GRIDDLE CAKES.—One quart of rye flour and one cup of wheat flour. Wet it up with sour milk, or buttermilk, until the batter is thick enough to cook easily on a griddle. Add a little salt and a scant teaspoonful of soda, dissolved in warm (or hot) water, and one well beaten egg. Rye griddle cakes are far better than wheat, very much tenderer. If preferred, use corn meal with it instead of wheat flour.

CHICKEN CHEESE.—Boil two chickens tender. Take out all the bones, and chop the meat fine, season with salt, pepper and butter. Boil down the liquor the chickens were boiled in until there remains only enough to make the chopped meat quite moist. Put the meat into a mould of any shape that is desirable or convenient. When cold turn out and cut in slices. It is excellent for picnics or when travelling, for a lunch.

TO DESTROY FLIES.—They may be effectually destroyed by putting half a spoonful of black pepper on a teaspoonful of brown sugar and one teaspoonful of cream; mix them well together and place them in a room where the flies are troublesome, and they will soon disappear. Or saturate a small piece of cloth with carbolic acid, hang in the room, and in an hour the flies will disappear. Mosquitoes can be expelled in the same way.

A DRY PORTABLE VINEGAR.—Wash well half a pound of white tartar with warm water, then dry it and pulverize as fine as possible. Soak that powder with good sharp vinegar, and dry it before the fire or in the sun. Re-soak it as before with vinegar, and dry as above, repeating this operation a dozen times. By these means you will have a very good and sharp powder, which turns water instantly to vinegar. It is very convenient to carry in the pocket, especially when travelling.

RED HANDS.—Keep some oat-meal on the wash-stand, and, as often as the hands are washed, rub a little oat-meal over them; then rinse it off, and, when dry, put on a little bit of pomade, made as follows: Take about five cents' worth each of white wax, spermaceti, and powdered camphor, and olive-oil enough to make it the thickness of soap; put it in a gallipot, and let it stand in an oven to melt; mix it up, and, when cold, it will be found very good for the hands. Gloves, worn either in the day or night, will help to keep the hands white.

SNOW FLAKE PUDDING.—Half box of Cooper's gelatine, the whites of three eggs, sugar and vanilla to taste. Soak the gelatine in enough cold water to cover it, for an hour, then add a teacupful boiling water. When the gelatine is dissolved add enough cold water to make a pint of it altogether. Strain this on a platter, put the whites of the eggs in it, and beat it all until it is a stiff foam. When half beaten sweeten with white sugar, add the vanilla and finish beating. Then put it into cups. When cold and shaped in the cups turn it out and eat with cream.

TAPIOCA JELLY.—Take four tablespoonfuls of tapioca—rinse it thoroughly, then soak it five hours, in cold water enough to cover it. Set a pint of cold water on the fire—when it boils, mash and stir up the tapioca that is in water, and mix it with the boiling water. Let the whole simmer gently, with a stick of cinnamon or mace. When thick and clear, mix a couple of tablespoonsful of white sugar, with half a tablespoonful of lemon juice, and half a glass of white wine—stir it into the jelly; if not sweet enough, add more sugar, and turn the jelly into cups.

FRENCH DAUBE.—If beef is poor and tough it is made palatable by this French mode of cooking it. Season a thick steak with salt and pepper, and fry slowly in a little lard. Turn it often that both sides may be cooked alike and equally browned. When well browned add a small quantity of water, half a sliced onion, some minced parsley and thyme, thicken with a spoonful of flour, cover close and leave it for an hour on the back of the stove where it may simmer slowly; after this has been done add a pound can of tomatoes, then let the Daube cook about two hours, or until the meat is ready to fall to pieces. A good sized porcelain-lined pot should be used in preparing this dish. We have never tried it, but are assured it is an excellent way to dispose of poor meat and make it quite acceptable.

SOUFFLE RICE PUDDING.—Well wash two ounces of Carolina rice, which when dry put into a stew pan with nearly a pint of milk, an ounce of butter, half the rind of a lemon, free from pith, a little salt, and a spoonful of powdered sugar; set upon the fire until boiling, when draw it to the corner, where let simmer very gently (or place the stewpan upon a trivet at a good height from the fire) until the rice is very tender, when take it from the fire, and beat well with a wooden spoon until forming a smoothish paste, when add the yolks of four eggs, mixing them well; pour the whites of the eggs into a bowl, whisk them until very stiff, and mix lightly with the preparation; have ready, buttered lightly, a deep pie-dish, pour in the mixture, and about a quarter of an hour before ready to serve, place it in a moderate oven, serving when done, and the moment you take it from the oven. Half the above quantity may of course be made. Souffle of ground rice is made the same as the above, the rice, however, not requiring so long to simmer as when whole. As also are souffles of tapioca, semoulina, vermicelli, &c., changing their flavors according to taste, using vanilla, lemon, orange, orange flower water, or a small quantity of any description of liquor. A few currants may also be mixed with any of the preparations, or laid at the bottom of the dish, as also may any description of light preserves.

Io Triomphe, Io Paean. The world admires beauty, but in no one thing more than the human face, and he who contributes to making people beautiful does good, for no one can be good looking and not be better, honester, and consequently happier. This country has long looked to Paris, that city of wondrous fair women and polite men, for its fashions and for those rarer cosmetics for beautifying the complexion and preserving it in all its natural color and freshness, and not until DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM or MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER was discovered and placed in the market did this country realize the consummation of Parisian skill and science here in its midst. For thirty-two years Dr. Gouraud's name has been as familiar in fashionable circles as the discoverer of a beautifier that has no equal in the annals of modern science, as is the name of Parepa-Rosa to the lovers of song. Indeed, so meritorious is his celebrated Oriental Cream that the gifted Parepa-Rosa and other celebrities have taken it with them to Europe, and unite with thousands in this country in testimonials of its merit. It is used by the beautiful and fair wherever society is, and no lady's dressing-table is complete without it. Its use is like drinking at the spring of perpetual youth, or being touched by the magic wand of beauty. The ladies even say that the sly god Cupid carries a bottle of it strung to his bow, in which he dips the barbed point of those instruments of torture to the busy breasts of obdurate old bachelors, for it is the fair face, with its rich and rosy hue, that demoralizes the most practical philosophy. Doctor Gouraud may well be proud of the favor in which he is held by the fashion of society, by reason of the popularity of his preparation; but prouder still of his reputation for fair and honorable dealing, gained through thirty-one years of honest dealing with the trade, during which time he has seen hundreds of preparations pass from sight, while he has continued to grow in popular favor.—*Rock Island (Ill.) Argus.*

DR. GOURAUD'S world renowned beautifying preparations can be procured at his depot, 48 Bond street, New York, and of leading druggists.

The Saturday Evening Post
PHILADELPHIA
1821
FOUNDED AUG 4TH A.D.
1821

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726 SANSOM STREET,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Saturday Evening, Sept. 16, 1876

NOTICE TO EXCHANGES.

Each number of the SATURDAY EVENING POST *is duly copyrighted, but all are welcome to freely republish any articles in its columns, provided that due credit be given to this paper.*

BLESSINGS IN DISGUISE.

There is a great blessing in a very thick disguise now resting on this country. The "hard times" are doing more to make men patient, resolute, economical, thoughtful and sympathetic, than prosperity could ever do. Young men especially should be grateful—they will be hereafter—for the rigid training now enforced, preparing them to enter a successful career for the future prizes of life. The qualities which command success are now being developed. Dig, work, pinch and pity, are the order of the day.

The boys who started out a few years since with father's money to back them, and more to come in prospect, with little self reliance, and no habits of self restraint, have already, by the thousand, gone down to disaster. Some of these will be saved by the fire of adversity now burning up their dross; more will swell the host of incapables, dead beats, and tramps.

No doubt it's hard work to dance in heavy wooden shoes, but the graceful danseuse owes her poetry of motion to perseverance under such impediments. The champion in athletics has hardened his muscles by severest exercise and most rigid abstinence. The musician, whose melodies entrance the hearers, has given years to the most tiresome details of practice.

So when circumstances compel the work necessary to excellence, when a man must struggle and put forth his best strength and do it continually until it becomes habitual, what is it but kindness to him, severe in aspect it may be, but none the less friendly.

We may confidently look for strong men in the next decade. Providence is fitting them for the great work which is to be done in that period. Crises are hastening which will demand the highest resources of the race, and the great actors in the years of most eventful history are now being surely prepared.

Young man, don't whine. Rejoice that you are worthy to bear the present cross, for the future crown is worth the winning. Look back a hundred years. Read the story of "hard times" a hundred years ago. See the blushing honors of eternal fame then foreshadowed, now realized, in the blood-stained foot-tracks of Valley Forge, and the crimson fields where life was sacrificed for liberty, and, with old Aeneas, heroically say: *Haec olim meminisse juvabit.*

WHOM TO MARRY.

Men rarely understand the character of woman, and why? Because it is rarely safe to trust them, with such knowledge. Few men know that observation and good sense, ago, and sound, stubborn principle, are often hid beneath the mask of a gay and frolicsome disposition. There is much more reason to suspect the seeming faultless than the frank girl, who shows her follies on the surface. "Wearing the heart upon the sleeve" is a good plan. If a woman has a heart, it is always a gay one, until misfortune, or affliction, tames it.

The wedding day should be the most serious day of all the life. A review of the past, a survey of the present, a glimpse at the future, a quiet, trusting happiness, these should render matrimony as solemn and anxious as the hour of death. The wife should not be a rich, ornamented piece of furniture, but a partner, a companion, a woman firm and gentle, not an idle, thoughtless girl; a friend, and not a mere plaything.

In the love that endures for life, respect should be esteemed quite as necessary as affection. Perfection was not made for man; he has no right to anticipate it. If love be any refinement, conjugal love most be so in the greatest degree.

There is no comparison between the frivolous affection of attracting the eyes, and the regular and uniform endeavor to make one's self valuable, both as a friend and a lover to a companion chosen for life. The first is a spring of a thousand fopperies, silly artifices, falsehood, perhaps actual cruelty, which at best rises no higher than good breeding; while the latter is the parent of agreeable graces and lasting virtues.

EVERY MAN A BUILDER.

The building faculty is one of the most prominent characteristics of human nature. He who never evinces a desire to build, is either an unnatural or unworthy individual. No feature of a child's character is so marked as his irresistible impulse to make something; and no feature of his character is more properly susceptible of stimulation. He should be encouraged in the disposition to do and to examine, and, no matter if he breaks his toys and gets into mischief sometimes in his researches, he is making the first step that leads to the development of great mental resources.

A child naturally is inquisitive, because knowledge is the nourishment of the mind, and the mind, even in infancy, craves food. Parents frequently commit errors in enjoining upon children the absurdity of never breaking playthings, when the little fellows are eager to get at the "why" and "how" of the toy—to "see how it is made."

Literally a man may never build anything; he may never build a house, or a railroad, or a ship, but he may build character, and most, if he seeks the essence of success.

WHY does a girl shut her eyes when you kiss her?

ROEBLING, the architect of the East River Bridge is a great wire puller.

SPELL whisker with one letter. Nothing easier. It is hair (a chin hair).

KNOCK DOWN arguments ought not to be convincing. They are so fistical.

CAN Professor Huxley tell us why young girls don't like red hair, except on the heads of other girls?

AN average Philadelphia mother-in-law would rather listen to a conversation, through a key hole than to eat ice cream.

A RACE Street man has been wearing a handkerchief over one eye a week, for asking an Alderman who his ancestors were.

A CONVENTION is to be held in Boston to ascertain, if possible, why train boys and drummers never get killed in railroad accidents.

A COUNTRYMAN hearing the chimes for the first time at the Centennial, inquired if they were ringing the dinner bell in all languages.

WE courteously "present arms" to the members of the "Brown Linen Brigade" now in such large force in Philadelphia. Of course we mean the ladies.

THERE will never be any real reform so long as a hotel clerk on $30 a month can conscientiously wear a $1000 diamond pin in the bosom of a borrowed shirt.

THE idea of moving the Main Building to Washington, after the Centennial, to be used as a waiting room for office seekers, has been abandoned, it not being large enough.

A CHICAGO man sat on the balcony of the Girard House, with his leg swinging over the balustrade; the crowd stopped; they thought they had come to the foot of the street.

WHEN two strange women meet at the Exhibition they always look at each other's stockings, instead of the color of the eyes, and a woman can see the color of another's stockings further than a man can hear the howl of a hyena.

THE Centennial dog show is open, and the Philadelphia *Bulletin* man will go right on perpetrating about the same until it closes. He needs no hounding on in such work.—*Norristown Herald.* We suggest that no notice be taken of his barking.

A SOLID "POST." Mr. W. W. Grier writes: "I well remember, when a very little boy, about 1828, my aunt sent me to the store for the SATURDAY EVENING POST. I was so small I had to associate the words with 'hitching post' to remember them, and I have found in later years the POST was always safe to tie to."

SITTING BULL'S HAIR.—A subscriber to the POST, in California, writes that Sitting Bull does part his hair in the middle, as he has seen the gentleman and knows. That must be since we last met him, when he wore it fearfully "banged," *à la* white squaw. If he has really come to this let no mercy be shown him, let the parting be extended right down through his ugly brains.

TWO months ago, a Nevada millionaire, while passing through Ohio, en route for the Centennial, fell in love with a pretty girl sitting near the railroad, and milking a cow, whom he subsequently married. (He married the girl, not the cow.) Since then there haven't been half cows enough in the State of Ohio to supply the demands of the young ladies who want to sit out near the railroad and milk.

A FRENCHMAN'S shoulders are a study in expressiveness. With them he will doubt your word, cheapen your wares, welcome you to his friendship, blaspheme vigorously, pout, sulk, and wear a wreath of scorn, such as the lips could never command; in short, they are as facile as a dog's gesticulator. Who knows but that in the progression of species, as the tail disappeared, its expressiveness gradually mounted upward to its present location.

AN exchange asks: "Who is making any money now a days?" Why, the employes in the mint. They are making lots of it. Ask us something harder.—*Norristown Herald.* Well, where's Tweed?—*Oil City Derrick.* He's in "parts unknown." We thought everybody knew that.—*Norristown Herald.* The only part of Tweed that we thought unknown was the "honey part." Concerning his whereabouts we must acknowledge that we are not "Tweed."

ON THE SCHUYLKILL.

BY CHILTON [illegible]

My bark is waiting near the shore,
Where Fairmount's Falls unceasing roar;
The sun is sinking in the west,
By gorgeous clouds led to his rest.
With twinkling eyes the evening star
Gives parting farewells from afar,
And o'er the high and verdant hill
The full moon longs, with joy to fill
Sad Nature's bosom (and our own).
Now joying that the sun has flown.
The little boat, see, lady, see!
Impatient to be bearing thee,
Is dancing on the crystal blue,
And bowing with thy form in view
To catch the magic of thy grace,
And borrow beauty from thy face.
The breezes that with flowers play tricks,
Will fan the glow of blushing cheeks
As, gazing in each other's eyes,
We read the books that lovers prize.
And bring us perfumes from the hay
That has been newly mown to-day
And from the lilies sweet that float
As we sail near them in our boat,
And from wild roses in the walks
Where lovers have their sweetest talks;
And Time shall watch us in our glee,
But, charm'd with all thy witchery,
Forget to turn his hour glass then,
And let the sweet hours come again;
And we in bliss will pass the hours
Until upon the trees and flowers
The moon nor light nor shadow throws
But sinks, ere morn breaks, to repose!

SCIENTIFIC PAPER. VARIATION OF SPECIES.

BY PROFESSOR [illegible]

There are a great many of them, but the most so is man.

Man always varies.

A bird will sing one song, eat one worm or other fruit, build one nest, fly one way, that is, subjectively, or in other words although his subjects may change he does not, and he will do many other things alike.

But man is never like himself or any other man. He is constitutionally and otherwise unlikely; he may even try to like himself, but so much the more he will not be liked.

Of course there are modifications, otherwise there would not be so much variation.

Some men are more likely than others. Twins are apt to be, but we never met one yet who could not pick himself out. And even when men, by the force of circumstances, such as one o'clock in the morning, become all alike as in Philadelphia, and the general variation of things, cannot pick themselves out when they reach home, their wives can do it, and do it thoroughly. In fact, they often keep picking at them for days.

But this is a digression that we gladly return from, although the variations of women are a tempting theme for discussing.

As we were saying, man invariably varies. He never eats twice alike. Things taste differently and he says it in different ways, as,

"Where did you buy this steak? It's tougher than Centennial gizzard!"

"Sampson ought to have this butter to oil his joints with."

"Such lovely biscuits Mrs. Winkum makes!" etc., etc.

Man never sleeps twice alike.

The unwritten music of the future will introduce variations from his sonorous symphonies, to be performed on the horn.

The poses of the sculptor will be drawn from his picturesque attitudes. If he lies passively at night, he will lie more actively next morning.

It takes very little to make a man vary. A dollar or two often does it. Running for office will do it very much. It will oil the hinges of his back, so that he can bow as easily as a goose picking up corn; his face will ache with perpetual smiling and his head, too, when liquid smiles are necessary.

Getting into office makes more variations; affects the memory, stiffens the back, and loosens the notions, especially old fashioned ones of honesty.

Perhaps man varies most when he is courting, especially if he is a widower; but he is likely to vary back again in six or eight weeks, unless he don't marry.

Man does not grow up alike. As a child, he is sweet and improper, and full of new distillations of the centuries, making him a constant and delightful surprise; he varies into the proper and sharp, and distorts his original pattern with attempts to be original and acceptable, a compound of scents instead of a fresh flower. And so on to the end of the chapter; when spite of the regulation coffin, and the conventional tombstone, solitary individual, *solus*, he treads a new and untried path, forever to diverge, and give a new shade of color to the universal picture.

AT THE CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION.

It seems a very natural supposition to pass from Great Britain to

GERMANY,

two powers who are so bound by ties of consanguinity, and so we follow the inclination, and take up the good Kaiser Wilhelm's exhibit next in order.

It is to be regretted, so say the Commissioners of this Department, that unavoidable circumstances have prevented Germany from making a full display at the Centennial of her arts and industries. There is enough shown, however, in all the leading branches of industry, of scientific discovery, as well as fine arts, to make up a most creditable whole. The exhibit may be classified as comprising specimens of the mechanical arts in great variety—Books, jewelry, chemicals, domestic goods, toys, musical instruments, wines and beer.

In connection with the articles included under the head of mechanical arts, there is not to be seen in any other section so fine and varied a display of clocks, musical boxes and harmonicas. Pianos and organs in every size and form abound. That this should be so concerning the last mentioned instruments, is not, indeed, to be wondered at, since Germany is the home of classical music, and, indeed, all kinds of music, for it seems interwoven with all the threads of German life. None so poor within that kindly realm, but feel and own its potent spell.

From the great clock which strikes the passing hour upon a large bell, down to the tiniest wooden plaything of a time-keeper, whose cuckoo, popping out a cunning little head, chirps no louder than a sparrow; and whose swinging cones, for weights, must have been copied from the hemlock or a pine from Lilliput, there are to be seen all sizes and all kinds of clocks.

Those which have the trumpet and flute fanfares, and the spruce little figures that fly out, when the time for striking arrives, and perform familiar airs, are the most attractive. We have often seen crowds filling the avenues around these time keepers, waiting and listening eagerly for the different ones to "give a tune." Welshe & Co., from Furtwangen, have an excellent assortment on exhibition of these latter.

The works of the clocks are either of wood or metal and the annual production of these articles amounting to about 1,000,000 clocks, valued at nearly four and a half millions of dollars. 13,000 persons find employment in manufacturing them; more than 1,400 being regular manufacturers, the rest are journeymen and lesser employers. We mention these statistical facts thinking them remarkable when the size of the kingdom is considered and that such figures should apply to one branch of industry alone.

In musical instruments, as we have said, Germany is strong. Above all ranks the building of pianos. If, as says the old proverb, "the hour finds the man," so the player finds his complete instrument. The land of Beethoven, Mozart and Mendelssohn, must, indeed, produce the perfection of a piano. Those upon exhibition are for the most part of a small size, being upright; this, we imagine, is on account of the inconvenience and injury likely to accrue, were larger instruments sent from so great a distance.

Among the small pianos, we notice one with short strings and a peculiarity of mechanism, made in Berlin. Also a metal piano from Stuttgart.

A church organ of fine size, in a great oaken case from Ludwigsburg, is shown, and possesses a depth and sweetness of tone unsurpassed.

A large hand-organ is curiously constructed, and not unpleasant to sound, while the orchestrions and harmoniums are worthy of close examination.

Very fascinating to us are the odd looking

ZITHERNS,

in their beautiful cases of inlaid woods. Besides the weird music, half wail, half murmur, of the aeolian harp, no other tones are so sweet and unearthly as those given forth by this oddly-shaped and peculiarly German instrument. The strings are played by the hand and not with a bow as in the case of the violin or cello, but the effect is quite different from the harp or guitar. The plaintive sigh of the violin tone, blends with the vibrating quality, so to speak, of the aeolian or wind harp. Violins, violas, bass viols, guitars, and all the adjuncts of each instrument are here seen in a great perfection and variety.

Of brass and wind instruments generally there is an excellent display.

There are fine sets of

MATHEMATICAL INSTRUMENTS

for public and higher schools. The manufacture of such instruments dates back very far, even to the Sixteenth or latter half of the Fifteenth century. There are said to be in Nuremburg alone sixty shops for the manufacture of such. The smoothing and polishing of such is done by water power of the river Pegnitz.

There is a very complete display of books, maps, etc., which may not excite wonder when we recall the fact that the invention of printing originated upon German ground. The first book was printed in 1440 in the letters formed by the Gothic monk, after came what was known as the Schwabach, and later the German text, known to us. It is said that although many efforts were made in the last century, and the one prior, to substitute the more simple and elegant Roman text, but without any success.

LEIPSIC, STUTTGART AND BERLIN

are the chief seats of publication. Statistics say that in the German tongue 12,000 volumes of new works and new editions are published yearly, being an increase over the average produced by England or France of nearly 7,000 volumes.

IN PLATE ENGRAVING

Germany is said to have greatly advanced of late years, while in Lithography and Color Printing she cannot be excelled. Among the books are volumes of Beethoven's and Mozart's sonatas, sent by Johann André, whose firm was established in 1770.

Theodore Ackermann, Munich, sends antique landscapes, selected illustrations from the collection of the "Reiche Kapellen," Durer's engravings, etc.

J. G. Cotta, Stuttgart, whose firm was established in 1640, sends handsome original editions of the classic authors.

C. Gombach, Leipsic, sends illustrated books, pictures, etc., on Chinese paper, quite well done.

There are maps, topographical atlases, etc., in great variety.

IN PHOTOGRAPHY

there are fine specimens. The combination of lithography with this art, called photo-lithography, is said to be productive of marked effects.

Boehme and Franckel, Berlin, send fine

CHROMOS,

views and copies of master works.

Gustav Leitz, Wandsbeck near Hamburg, exhibits some excellent reproductions from oil paintings. In one case the reproduction and the oil painting are side by side, and could scarcely be distinguished apart. The painting is entitled the

"YOUNG FORTUNE TELLERS,"

and represents a group of young and beautiful girls seated upon the grass in the woods, with a pack of cards spread out, "reading the future" with youthful credulity.

A copy of Titian's Venus, also of Rembrandt's Daughter are both so exquisitely rendered as to leave a doubt as to whether they were not really done by hand.

A PHOTOGRAPHIC ALBUM,

containing views of the more prominent objects exhibited at the Vienna World's Exposition, of 1873, under the "Red Cross," is very interesting; as are also two models, one from Munich, of a fully dressed and completely equipped member of the voluntary sanitary corps; the other is a model of a pavilion barrack hospital from Altona.

IN JEWELRY AND PLATED WARE

there is much to interest one. Comparing German jewelry with Italian and French, we find the former heavier and of less graceful forms.

In silver ware there are two sets in imitation of that found at Hildesheim, in embossed silver, which are very beautiful on account of the classic shapes of the articles, and the grace of design. One large salver among these articles represents Minerva sitting upon a seat of dais or throne.

There are some very beautifully painted and enamelled lockets, together with chains and sets of jewelry.

Many fine amethysts are shown, some of the rich violet color so much prized.

The exhibit of Cameos, Intaglios, etc., is unusually fine. Some of the carvings upon the former are unsurpassed.

The art of working agate into jewelry forms a prominent feature in German manufacture. At first there were beautiful agates found at the foot of the Hundsruck, near Oberstein and Idar, but a constant draught upon the mines has exhausted the supply, and in order to meet the demand the raw material is brought from Brazil.

The manufacture is said to employ 100 mills, 1,000 grinders, 120 bores, 100 jewelers, and 300 cutters.

We have before given a very elaborate description of the pavilion for the display of

IVORY,

and the uses to which it is put, exhibited by this nation. Suffice, therefore, to allude to it here only by saying that it is one of the handsomest ornaments of this department, and for symmetry of form, for taste in the disposal of the articles therein displayed, it could not be surpassed.

Nuremberg sends the most complete exhibit of

TOYS

one could imagine. From the splendid doll, with teeth, real hair and eyelashes, and quite so large as a child of three or four years of age, down to the smallest article needed to furnish her dollship's kitchen or drawing room, all is here that makes glad the hearts of the dear children.

The girls need not think that they have this department "all to themselves either," as we heard a small specimen of masculine superiority say, for here are rocking horses, mechanical toys, menageries, magic lanterns, everything in miniature.

In foils of various metals, gold, silver, tin, there are some really beautiful specimens. One firm exhibits as a specialty, mother of pearl imitation, and crystal silver wall papers. These are from C. Herting Einbeck, Hanover.

AMONG THE CHEMICALS

is a beautiful pyramid of ultra-marine, for the manufacture of which article Germany is so justly celebrated. A more exquisite tint than that of the pyramid mentioned could not be imagined.

There are shown three tints, blue ultramarine, which is the most beautiful; green ultra-marine and violet ultra-marine.

IN PORCELAIN, BISQUE, AND PARIAN WARES

there are many finely designed and artistically colored articles to be seen. Sets for breakfast or lunch, fancy articles, busts in bisque, slab pictures in china enamel, urns, tankards, etc., all are here.

SILKS, COTTONS AND WOOLENS,

form no inconsiderable branch of the exhibit.

Mirrors, articles of verde, in bronze, nickel, silver, etc., may be enumerated, but our space forbids a more extended notice.

In Agricultural Hall may be seen wines, preparations of chocolate in cakes, conserved fruits, bonbons, cigarettes, and samples of Turkish and Japanese tobacco. Leather in various forms, preserved fruits, pickles, glue, starch, and grape sugar, buckwheat, and peeled grain.

In respect to the

WINE CULTURE

in Germany, there are 210,000 acres of land devoted solely to the vineyards.

The greatest production is accomplished in Alsace and Lorraine, where 90,000 acres are planted in grape vines. The most valuable spots in this section being on the western slope of the Vosges.

The total production in the Empire amounted to 51,000,000 gallons in 1870, and this was exclusive of Alsace-Lorraine.

The sparkling wines are made at Coblentz, Frères, Creuznach, Mentz, the Rhine Lands, with six establishments. Freiburg, Esslingen, and Wurtzburg.

In Wurtemburg the area devoted to the wine culture comprises 66,146 acres.

The amount of wine produced in this section amounts to 11,504,000 gallons per year. In Hessia the best spots for wine culture are the Glocke, near Nierstein, the Scharlachberg, near Bingen, the Bingen on the Rhine, and the cloister garden, in Our Lady's Monastery, at Worms.

In Bavaria, Coblentz, Wesbaden, Rudesheim, are the red wines produced.

Four enormous bottles of Rhine wine grace the corners of the pavillion in Agricultural Hall, where these German wines are exhibited.

Brandies, bitters, Schiedam schnaps, rum, punch essences, liqueurs, etc., are shown. The exterior of the bottles are very pretty, and the golden and red juices within show very clearly and sparkle in the sunlight. There is a pale greenish tinted cordial exhibited, filled with floating particles of gold leaf.

The exhibition of

HOPS AND BEER

is as large as might be expected from the land of "Lager."

Bavaria takes the precedence. The culture of hops occupies, in this country, an area of 44,500 acres. The average yield 350,000 cwt. per year.

Nuremberg is said to be the centre of the hop trade. More than one hundred and twenty hop houses are said to be there.

MACARONI AND VERMICELLI,

so dear to the tastes of her southern neighbors, the Italians, are also manufactured in large quantities by Germany. Cheese, of course, accompanies macaroni.

In Machinery Hall there is a fine pyramid of

SPIEGEL IRON

which glistens like silver in some lights. Sewing machines, globe machines, instruments and apparatus for watch making, engraving machines, steam gauges, and many other articles of heavy and light machinery, such as fire extinguishers, syphon pumps, etc.

IN MEMORIAL HALL

there are some fine paintings and groups of statuary. One, a plaster cast of a "Boy and Frog," is remarkably good, but unfortunately is broken about the hands and arms. The terrified attitude of the child, the bloated satisfaction of Master Toad, who sits complacently looking up, and enjoying the consternation his appearance has created, are quite amusing, and recall the stories of Andersen and others, among the charming writers of children's books in that land.

A marble bust of the

CROWN PRINCE,

is well executed, the work of Rudolph Schmitz, Berlin. Among the genre paintings are two very attractive ones. "Herring Fishers starting for the Dogger Banks," by F. W. Fabarius, Dusseldorf, and "The Last Rehearsal before starting for the Sanjorfeste," by Friedrich Ortlieb, Munich. There are many other groups and portraits worthy of a more extended notice, were it in our power to give it.

THE GERMAN PAVILLION

is situated near the Brazilian house, in the grounds northwest of Memorial Hall, and is a very pretty building. In it the Commissioners have their headquarters and transact their business, but seem always ready to receive and courteously entertain such guests as may desire information or a closer inspection of the building itself.

There is much to endear Germany to us as a nation; much to be admired in her calm and solid form of government; and the good Kaiser has many on this side of the water who willingly accord him good wishes, and hopes for a long and prosperous reign.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTICE.

Among the novelties is a new method of locomotion, exhibited in the French Department, called

THE CYNOPHERE,

invented by M. Huret, of Paris. It is a vehicle consisting of two large wheels, between which is a comfortable seat and a rest for the feet. In front is a small guiding wheel, the direction of which being controlled by a rod of steel held in the hand; while a brake on the left hand regulates the speed.

Within the two large side wheels are inner wheels with broad net work bands in which dogs are placed, one in each wheel; the movement of the dog running on the treadway causes the vehicle to go, and the action of running upon this treadway is not to fatigue the dog at all. It is at least curious, and as the French "Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," has endorsed it, there can not be anything said against it on that score.

In the United States Government Building there is a genuine wigwam, of buffalo skins, after the kind used by the Arapahoes Indians. It is quite tall and also wide, and seems an ample protection against the weather.

In Machinery Hall, the

LAMB KNITTING MACHINE

is an attractive sight. It differs from other knitting machines, inasmuch as it does knit around an iron cylinder. Its needles are employed in two parallel rows. The front row can be operated to the left and the back row to the right, thus forming perfect tubular or circular work. It knits gloves, socks, shawls, nubias, undersleeves and shirts, Afghans, tidies, etc.; also knits ruffles for trimming its own work. Has a shell stitch, raised stitch, and several other stitches besides the plain ordinary stitch.

The cutest little doll stocking is given away to those who inspect it, which is a good plan of advertising and brings it into notice.

In this same building, we find yet another wonder among

SEWING MACHINES,

whose inventor claims distinctive features for it that no other machine possess.

It sews from two spools instead of from a spool and bobbin, and forms a perfect Lock-stitch. It is peculiar in form and very handsome. The plate—and, indeed, the entire portion resting on the table—can be turned in any direction, so that one person can use the treadle and another guide the work. The needle adjusts itself, and is so constructed that it cannot be set too high or too low. It is called the

"WARDWELL SEWING MACHINE,"

and is manufactured in St. Louis, Mo.

Among the exhibit of jewelry in the Main Building in the United States Department, Tiffany's certainly surpasses any other we have noticed.

A necklace of diamonds, a "river of light," glistens within the crystal case, and is valued at $80,000 only. While a large solitaire sparkles on the end of a slender golden rod with a flexible point, and has on each side, on similar rods, a splendid ruby and a sapphire, that make an emblem of the "red, white and blue," worth having.

Among the silver ware exhibited by this firm is a galley ship, in hammered and repousse work after what is called the "Nep" style of the Sixteenth Century. The work is really beautiful, and the execution of the repousse portions are done with an unsurpassed skill.

THE LACE EXHIBIT

of the Belgian Department is of rare beauty.

An engraved or else photographed head and bust of the Queen of Belgium adorned as to her hair with lace tappets, etc., and encircled in a very handsome wreath of lace flowers, consisting of roses and buds with the leaves, forms quite an ornament.

Flounces trimming a charming pearl grey evening silk, are of a design unexcelled by anything shown of a similar nature. The leaves and petals of the roses and other flowers are separately put on and can be lifted up. It is saddening to think at what a cruel cost of eyesight and health these fairy like articles have been made; or how remunerated are the humble toilers who spider like weave such beautiful webs—resembling also the spider in the contrast of their gossamer work their dark toil worn persons.

Passing through the British section, we notice an excellent bust of Abraham Lincoln, made in London, of a composition resembling, and indeed composed of wax—mixed with other ingredients, and called Ozokerit.

IN THE AUSTRALIAN DEPARTMENT

is a tall, square gilt pillar from New South Wales, representing the quantity of gold taken from its mines from 1851 to 1874. Weight, 9,806,252,509 oz. Valued at £30,536,246; or $191,929,355.

Wonderful figures these! Such a pity these El Dorados lie so far away.

One of the loveliest fonts we have ever seen, is exhibited by a Philadelphia firm in the United States Department, and is a sheaf of Calla Lillies bound together by a band of ribbon; around the base are water lilies and laurel; also, the sweet drooping bells of the "Lily O' the Vale."

The carving is exquisite, the Lily cups are so real, one feels inclined to touch them to be convinced.

JAPAN

has an odd screen of silk, with a group of peacocks upon it. The natural feathers of the bird applied on to the sketch of the bird, in so artistic and natural a manner, as to seem as though they were growing there.

A cluster of roses, in shaded red, China crape, adorns the branch upon which the stately birds rest. Such pains-taking ingenuity, as these sprightly Islanders exhibit, excites no little wonder from us, who have so much less of that desirable virtue which is said to have sustained Job.

IN BRAZIL,

there is a Cross of Marble from the Rio Grande, of a grayish color. It represents two branches of a tree, bound together by inter-twining grape vines.

The carving is very intricate, and the effect quite artistic.

Passing through the

CHINESE DEPARTMENT,

we see an odd-looking monster lying couchant beneath a table. It is of bronze, and seems to be either a dog with a dragon's head or a dragon with a dog's body. What a curious fancy for monstrosities this Celestial nation has.

It is amusing to watch the Pop Corn performance in Machinery Hall. Within an enclosed space, there is in one corner, the required heat is given by means of gas jets, over which a sort of wire "cage," with a long handle, and containing the shelled corn, is held. As fast as the "white caps" pop up, they are tossed into an open bin; then a certain quantity is transferred to a tub, into which syrup of sugar and water is poured, the mass is thoroughly stirred up and put into a sort of tube, through which it is forced, coming out the other end in the balls, so familiar to our eyes, nowadays. Girls are ready to receive and cover these balls with pink paper and sell them to an appreciative crowd of lookers on.

THE CATTLE SHOW,

in the Centennial Stock Yard, will open next week. The collection is said to be unusually fine.

In the Brazilian section may now be purchased, and at once removed, feathers flowers, brilliantly tinted butterflies, and aigrettes, etc. of feathers, also cocoons.

IN AGRICULTURAL HALL,

among the Russian exhibits, are quite a number of dolls dressed in the costumes of the several Provinces. The few garments being as neatly cut and fitted as possible. There are also some odd specimens of pottery, and household utensils to be seen.

The Fish exhibit in this building is very interesting. Some of the specimens being very rare and curious.

IN THE CHEESE BUILDING,

there is much to be seen that will delight the practical farmer. The display of American cheese is very creditable, and comprises some varieties not to be surpassed, by any from abroad.

The cool afternoons render the grounds a charming resort at this season. The Exhibition is certainly now at "the time of all its wealth"—being more largely attended, and appearing to the best advantage.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

NEWS NOTES.

PARIS has nearly 750 miles of sewers.

THERE are 300,000 gobblers in the Turkish army.

THEY have suffered in Paris from 105 in the shade.

BARCOCK'S second trial is set down for this month.

IN England most of the suicides are by educated folks.

FLORIDA is planting sweet potatoes for next May's consumption.

SPURGEON says $10,000,000 would not tempt him to go to America.

CUFF buttons made of sea beans are among the Exhibition oddities.

AT least 5,000 persons fled from Savannah to escape the epidemic.

FOUR million barrels of flour are required to feed the people of New York for one year.

SOME of the fine silverware at the Exhibition has been bought for wedding presents.

GO to Mexico, in the Main Building, when you visit the Centennial, and see the 4,000 pound lump of silver. It is worth $72,000.

MRS. Lincoln, widow of President Abraham Lincoln, is at Boulder, one of the most picturesque places in the Rocky Mountains of Colorado.

No doubt is entertained at army headquarters in Washington of the ultimate success of the movements of Terry and Crook against the hostile Sioux.

KANGAROO skins are becoming an important article of trade in Australia. They make the toughest and most pliable leather for hunting boots that is known.

THE intermarriage of two families in Maine is remarkable. One consisting of four sons and one daughter has married all of a neighbor's children, four daughters and a son.

THE bread consumed in all of the institutions belonging to the Department of Charities and Correction, in New York, is baked on Blackwell's Island, and sent fresh from there daily.

IN view of the improved demand for prints, the Sprague mills in Rhode Island, Maine and Connecticut, the print works which have been idle several weeks, will start up at once.

THE winner of a recent swimming match at St. Louis has just been challenged by an ambitious young woman, who proposes to race with him over the course on which he achieved his victory.

O'HOSSOYAN ROSSA has collected, according to his acknowledgment in the *Irish World*, over $15,000 for the "skirmishing fund" with which the cost of secret assaults on England is to be paid.

THE Mercantile Library in New York contains 160,369 volumes, an increase during the past year of 8839. The total number of volumes circulated was 199,829, the daily average being about 625.

A PLYMOUTH (Mass.) antiquarian rejoices in the possession of an eight-day hall clock, which has kept time for 125 years. He owns also an English chair over 100 years old and a family Bible 225 years old.

A TELEGRAM from Savannah says that only thirty-nine cases of yellow fever and ten deaths have been reported during the season thus far. The disease is not epidemic, and the excitement regarding it has subsided.

IN order that the large number of Centennial visitors who stop over Sunday in Washington may have an opportunity of viewing the interior of the Capitol, the building will hereafter be open on Sunday from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M.

THE Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company are reducing the pay of their workmen. The daily pay of engineers has been reduced from $4 to $3.50, conductors from $3.50 to $3, firemen and brakemen from $2.25 to $1.75. There is a good deal of grumbling in consequence.

GEO. SPERANCIE recently died in Smyrna, at the age of 152 years. Although this Methuselah had always lived an irregular life, and had consumed an average of more than 100 drachms of brandy daily, he retained full possession of all his five senses, and also a complete set of teeth, up to the moment of his death. He also continued to the last to attend to the duties of his avocation—those of a baker.

CAPTAIN RICHARD KING is the king of the Texas cattle kings. He has 60,000 acres under fence near Corpus Christi, is fencing in 60,000 more, and has besides 140,000 acres in the same tract. Last April he sold to a Kansas dealer 26,000 head of horned cattle, and to make sure of delivery added 5000 to the drove, and still had 50,000 head, besides 25,000 head of sheep, and thousands of horses and mules.

DURING the forced march of Terry's troops to unite with Crook's commands, the Fifth Regiment, after they had just completed a fatiguing march of sixteen miles, started on one of Terry's marches through the blinding dust and darkness of night, over a rough and difficult country covered with cactus thorns, and made forty-three miles in twenty-four consecutive hours, equal to a march of sixty miles over ordinary country.

THE salaries of the different monarchs of Europe are given as follows by a German statistician: Alexander II, $9,152,000, or $25,080 a day; Abdul Aziz, $9,000,000, or $18,000 a day; Francis Joseph, $4,000,000, or $10,050 a day; Frederick William II, $3,000,000, or $8,200 a day; Victor Emanuel, $2,800,000, or $7,670 a day; Victoria, $2,200,000, or $6,270 a day; Leopold, $200,000, or $1,643 a day. In addition to this salary, each of these individuals is furnished with a dozen or more first-class houses to live in without any charge for rent.

At the International Regatta last week, at Philadelphia, the great contest took place between the Beaverwyck, of Albany, N. Y., the Watkins and the London Rowing Clubs. The time was 9.06 for Beaverwyck; London was one-quarter of a second later, and Watkins came in at 9.08¾. The great prize won by the Beaverwycks is a handsome silver cup, valued at $1000. Each member of the crew will have a gold medal, and each member of the second crew (London) a silver medal. These prizes are contributed and paid for out of the funds collected by the Regatta Committee.

THE State Department has been officially advised regarding the reported insult to the American flag at San Domingo. It appears that the ex-Dominican Minister of War (Villenueva), a fugitive from justice, took refuge on the steamer "Tybee;" that the authorities demanded his surrender; that the captain of the vessel refused to give him up, and that the authorities then took him from the vessel. No insult was offered to the American flag, the United States Consul or the captain of the "Tybee," and there was no violation of international law or any treaty. The "Tybee" carries the Dominican mails under a subsidy from the Dominican Government.

THE DEW DROP

BY MARIE S. LADD.

From yonder cool and crystal spring
That gleams so brightly from the rock,
It woos the wild bird on its wing,
And draws the lonely lamb of all the flock.
From there it rose, perhaps, in mist,
And slowly drifting to the skies,
The sad and sorrowful tear that it kissed
Then fell to earth, and here it lies.

The blue flower of the flax took up
The little drop, and now it shines
Enlivened by this dainty sup
Of nature's pure, renewing wines.
The background of the flower and dew
Have formed a mirror, and I see
A picture of the past dim through
Of varying tints well known to me.

Two little girls walk hand in hand
Among the flowers beneath the trees,
And each young brow is freshly fanned
By the same light and dallying breeze.
The pink will tose lines all their way
Loading with sweets the summer air,
They pluck those lines to their play,
And bind them brightly in their hair.

They hound the wood that spreads so wide,
They hasten to the sparkling spring,
Tossing their white rimmed hats aside,
They pull the drooping boughs to swing.
Or seek to read the mystic birds
The glassy waters there reveal
In shadowy shapes and paler tints,
That overlie the sandy surface meet.

Their merry eyes are mirrored back
And tossing curls, or shining braids,
And then the laughing faces the mirror track
And all the pleasing picture fades
And now it is an olden tale—
The years have severed them full wide,
They seek the wild flowers in the vale
Not thinger handcasting side by side.

One threads the silent woods alone,
The other in a foreign land
Sleeps where the wild waves make their moan
Upon the solitary strand.
The magic mirror has faded from view
And now alone the spring I see
The little flower, the drop of dew
That called this picture up for me.

HIS LALLA ROOKH.

BY "JOHN JACK."

One morn a Peri at the gate
Of Eden stood disconsolate,

chanted a deep, masculine voice at the closed door of a pretty little vine-clad cottage in the quiet town of K——.

"No sir! you cannot come in. Any man guilty of cowardice, no matter in what shape, or to how small a creature, cannot hope to find admittance here, without presenting an equivalent of bravery to atone for it."

So answered a sweet girlish voice, which despite the firmness in its tones, only caused the group beneath the bloomers in waiting, to shake with laughter and the strong manly voice to ejaculate:

"Gad! Miss Mollie open the door. The dog never yet bit a human being and the child was only scared."

"No matter, it was neither brave nor manly, and I decline an audience except on the conditions stated!"

Now the six feet of muscular christianity that was enduring with patient fortitude all this opprobium and abuse (as the sterner sex would call it) rather prided himself on being in season and out of season—a *gentleman*, and who can deny that the singular nature of the adjectives applied to him were a trifle exaggerating.

"Pshaw! Miss Mollie, I go to-morrow and we might at least part in peace. *Please* open the door."

There being no response to this pleading summons, the much abused mortal, with a very aggrieved expression of countenance, clattered down the gravel walk and out into the dusty road, with as little haste as he look behind him, while the "casus belium" of all this disturbance, great shaggy Newfoundlander who had been waiting principally at the gate, trotted complacently behind.

"Nonsense," grumbled the injured Apollo, "does the child expect to live in an atmosphere of round tables and to find every man she meets a Launcelot or a Galahad. Bother these women, one doesn't know how to take them."

It had been a very hot summer in New York, and Tom Carleton had avoided himself during a lull in law and law books, to take his annual begin to some cooler retreat than that which smoking bricks and long rows of empty houses afforded, for so it had chanced that the little town of K——, just three hours ride from the city, had opened its arms to receive his lordship for the space of a few weeks. Now K——, in the excitement line, speaking in the classical language of the day, could hardly be called "immense;" but then Tom always was a "queer fellow," and prided himself on being a woman-hater (misogynist, he called it) and so was not dependent on the parasols and high-heeled boots of Saratoga and "the Branch." And so it had happened that this really fine specimen of American manhood, had in an unguarded moment run his head into the very worst kind of a noose and was now writhing in the toils, for the matter of which I shall now proceed to explain.

That K——was a dull, prosaic old town of the "ancient regime," nobody could deny but then it was like one of those rocky crags in the Ægean sea that used to lure many a brilliant vessel out to a watery grave, not on account of any beauty in itself, but because it had a siren. Now this fact, had he been aware of it, would have had no effect whatever on Tom, because like Mr. Ulysses of the olden time, he fondly imagined himself fire-proof, water-proof, bullet-proof or siren-proof, and so he considered himself entirely out of the reach of

"Flashing of eyes and flutter of laces,
Tropical odors sweeter than musk,
And glorious women with beautiful faces
And eyes of tropical dusk."

Oh man, ever confident! Oh race, ever destined for disaster! Sooner far would Thomas Carleton, Esq., have braved the hot breath of Blackstone and Littleton, than have fallen a victim to the heart caloric generated by Mephistopheles and Mollie Mede. But Fate had ordained it otherwise and the secret is out. *Mollie Mede was the siren.*

And who was Mollie Mede? Why, only a little widow, a woman, a "rara avis" in that great "garden of girls," that blooms perennially for the world in general and mankind in particular. A petite little party with a big figure, head well poised, wicked grey eyes, sunny mouth, and hair—well—

"not carroty, no,
Though you fancied you saw burn
The light which the crocks love
Which moderns call auburn."

The kind you know that you wouldn't have the color changed for worlds, simply because it *just suited* and in the way nature seemed fit for some Penelopean fabric, or where the painter might play the spider and weave "a web to ensnare the hearts of men." In all, a dainty little maiden with just beauty and grace enough to fascinate; not one of these brilliant argonauts these stately "men of war," that prey in all waters upon everything masculine, but one of those glorious little crafts that drift down the stream of time, until blessing and blessed the loving winds waft them into the sheltering harbor, where no boisterous wave or howling tempests ruffles the serenity of the Port of Peace.

And so it had chanced that Tom while rambling in the woods, had stumbled across a book lying beneath a tree and presuming that the owner thereof was a gauzy being in white in the distance, had made bold to present it with his most fascinating bow. And from this same introduction (this Francis Dilkimini episodes), there had sprung up sundry conversations and visits and walks, until the luckless youth at last found himself safe within the meshes of the feminine spider referred to.

How then, do we ask, could this exquisite little pastoral idyl meet with such a rude shock? How could all this peace and harmony be disturbed by the presence of a day from the palls of canine rectitude. Allow me to explain.

On the Mede estate dwelt a gardener who kept the limited grounds in order and earned an additional penny by carting truck to neighboring markets. Rejoicing in a numerous progeny, one at least of these bucolic offspring could be generally found in the vicinity of the master's cottage, and on the day in question, a diminutive damsel of four, was sitting on the grass in its shade. In an evil hour Mr. Tom and dog appeared at the gate, and the latter, infected by the playful movements of the child, charged furiously upon it and rolled the screaming infant head over heels, tearing her sash, the cold nose of a Newfoundlander, thrust in dangerous proximity to the infant-nose, possessed manifold terrors to the infant mind, and though the dog would have scorned to hurt anything beneath his size (save only the fretful flea,) still how was the infant referred to to know the fact? Result—Mr. Tom, hands in sight, laughing heartily at the rough and tumble affray, confident in the long tested integrity of his faithful bendhound, but very much concerned at the weeping within him why also he had been all the day idle? Not his the excuse, (as with the husbandmen of old) "because no man hath hired of me," for had not the clarion call of "our beautiful neighbor" sounded "in front" rung out through the length and breadth of the land? Was not war's red tide setting in strong and black against the very existence of his home and were not its crimson waves lapping the door lintels of the very temple of our liberties? And was it meet that great, able-bodied men, men who had neither wives nor children to cling weeping round their necks, nor aged mothers to support by the sweat of their brow, to stay at home, while others gave up home and family and prospects, yea even life for the grand old Union? And the pulse in his true Northern bosom had beaten "no, no, go, go," and fired by the latest news of battle at the front, Carleton had this morning given the casting vote in his own mind, and instead of going back to New York to work to-morrow, was going back to don Knapsack and musket, and he him Southward. "Just to say good bye," he had said to himself as he turned his footsteps Medeward, that morning. "I wonder will she be sorry? I suppose she will a little, much as I and then, then, why maybe, maybe, she'll kiss a fellow, since most probably he'll leave his bones to bleach in the Southern sun. And if she does, why, why, Tom Carleton, you're an ass! do you hear me, *you're an ass!*" And so the mental interview terminated.

Well, well, it never did run smooth, did that same "course of true love," and here was no exception. The dusty road probably smiled grimly to itself as Nero careered over from a malicious kick from his irate mare, and the trees probably rustled mutely at the tall Vandal's mutterings as he passed. "Cry, would she? Oh! yes! Kiss me, probably? h——m. Tom, you're an ass!"

And having again arrived by the same process of reasoning in a circle, at this very laudable conclusion, Mr Tom strode on and was soon walking down in the neighborhood of a certain little bread. Sunshine the sun seemed a good deal hotter and the road a good deal dustier on the way back, and the small eyes looked a little fearful as two small lips muttered "miss! I was a little too cross, but I didn't know he'd fly off that way."

And so a little hand wrote in its journal in its own room that evening, "Miss," and shut up the little romance with a weary sigh.

* * * * * * *

An outlying post on a Southern battle field, the roar of cannon, the rattle of musketry, and above all a dark cloud of sulphurous smoke, hanging like a pall. In the trenches, yes, in the trenches, lying all around them, white faces, with dull, glassy eyes upturned to the lurid sky, as if entreating for that mercy of which there was none here. Here and there, clutching hands and dark clots of blood, and grim men standing over and about them, with their hands on their guns, and hot eyes staring out through half closed lids. "Ready!" the sharp clatter of hoofs and a horseman is in the trenches like a whirlwind. They crowd around him, but they see that the foam on his lips is the foam of death, and the blood oozing through the tightly clenched teeth tells that another race is run forever. They catch him as he reels from his saddle and as the dying eyes glaze, he gasps out "Dispatches for General Thomas," and then all is over. "Dispatches for Thomas," and Thomas on the other side of the lines and the way to them a gauntlet, to which, such as the one just passed, is a path of flowers! Yes, "Dispatches for Thomas," but death for the carrier thereof, and the men look blankly at each other and then at the way, and the bravest shake their heads. No, no one is so rash as to think of that; anything reasonable, but *that* was impossible.

Stay! one steps forward; six feet high, face all dark with blood and powder, and hair all grimed with earth tossed from the scattering shells, but still a grim humor shining forth from the blue eyes.

"Give them here. He that dies carrying dispatches is dispatched in a good cause.

Hurrah! hurrah! the dead rule test.
Dost fear to ride with me.

Only a vault in the saddle, only the sharp clatter of hoofs, and another horse and rider is coursing out into the night of darkness and death.

"Low down, filly, sharp there!" a strong hand is guiding the reins now. "Ha! a close shave that. Go it, Johnny Reb, but aim lower next time. "Equivalent of bravery to atone for it. Ah, Mollie Mede, God bless and keep you, and may you never know how Tom Carleton abused."

Away, away, through the dark and smoke, while shot and shell ploughed great furrows around him, and sharpshooters aimed bullets and curses together at the horse and rider fleeting rapidly by.

"Oh—h!" the word comes out sharp and hissing. The last cannon-flash revealed right in his front a detachment of Confederate cavalry moving swiftly to intercept him. The dispatches are in his pocket now, and as the chasseur tightly grasps the reins with one hand, his right unsheathes his sabre. One moment and, like the sweep of Gerfrey's charger on his Poynim foes, they have closed. The quick flash of steel, the sharp report of a pistol, and two horses are down, two riders are writhing in the dust, and about him they swarm, but the one against many, under cover of the darkness, is fighting off, while they cannot distinguish friend from foe. Hold! they have him. He is down, unhorsed, and the hoofs of the stallions are on him. Ha! up and fighting for life and limb. Well struck—left to the chin, my bonnie Southron! "Yours seized the reins, is half up—nose down! Great God! help him! What! up again and mounted? One more sweep of the gleaming sabre—one more battle cry—and he is like a meteor shot from its sphere, he is off and away; off and away with his right arm snapt by a parting shot, his head all split with gaping wounds, torn, bruised, bloody, but free.

General Thomas leans forward in his saddle to take a handful of dispatches from the reeling cavalryman.

"Great heavens, man! are you from Elliot? You didn't past the lines?"

There is no response, but a man is lying white and still in the arms of one of my staff, and the red surge of battle is still rolling over all.

* * * * * * *

The little gravel walk that led up to the house looked very much the same as it did six months before to a blue-eyed "son of Avak" leaning over the gate at the entrance, as also did a certain diminutive little figure gathering flowers on the terrace.

"Didn't pine away and die, or become a modern Eloise and adorn a convent," grumbled the unseen observer. "She might look a little less happy, though; but perhaps she didn't see T. Carleton among the list of killed, as did my almost broken-hearted sire. She might look a trifle pale or worried, though, for my sake! but no, eyes and her cheeks are aggravatingly rosy as ever. Gathering those old traps of flowers as blithe as a humming-bird, too! Oh, these girls, these girls! Well, I may as well bound in all my mom-tide splendor upon her, and see how she takes it."

The latch went up with a clang, and the tall figure swung carelessly up the walk. The party up on the terrace ceased gathering "traps," and looked down. Was it an optical delusion? Was it some phantasm of the brain? The red cheeks grew a trifle paler, for the sharp eyes had taken it all in at a glance. Yes, taken it all in—the sunken cheeks, the empty sleeve (which bore, however, an extra stripe or two to atone for its emptiness), and the cap set tenderly over the scarred head. Yes, taken it all in, and the next minute "the blithe little hummingbird" had fitted into these strong arms outstretched to receive it, and two big, tearful gray eyes were uplifted to the bronzed, eager face.

"Tom! Tom! I'm so sorry." And the shining face was hidden in the broad shoulder.

"For what, little one?" You were right. But tell me, darling, what was it the Peri said when the crystal bar shot asunder."

A moment's pause, and then the sweet voice murmured:

"Joy, joy forever! my task is done,
The gates are passed, and Heaven is won."

"Well, Mollie Mede, how about it?"

WHICH WAS THE HEIRESS?

A fair, slender girl, with the golden hair blown away from her blue-veined forehead, and a soft, violet light shining in her eyes, as she stood there, a living picture, framed in by creeping vines and swinging sprays of clematis—that was the last glimpse that Henry Dalmayne caught of Lilias Raymond on the summer evening when he went away to seek his fortune.

He had found it already, in a certain sense—in so far as man may find treasure—true to the rich abundance of a woman's love; for Lilias loved him, and Lilias's heart was a gold mine to him.

She turned and went back into the house, with the glistening dew of tears upon her cheek and a mournful quiver on her lip.

"How silly I am!" she murmured to herself. "It will be but for a year or two at the furthest, and he has much more to endure and battle with than I."

And Lilias enjoined at the fate assigned to her in the great play-bill of the world. It was hard to realize the truth of the blind poet's words, that "they also serve who only stand and wait."

If she could have worked to earn money and help him! if she might also have been privileged to bear a weapon in the strife. Alas! it is so hard to sit still and count the seconds which must elapse ere the crisis of our fate dawns upon the leaden horizon of life.

So Henry Dalmayne went to London, and Lilias stayed behind, to bear the separation as best she might.

"Engaged, eh?" growled old Mr. Peckham, Henry's maternal uncle, whose skin had turned yellow with the provocation so much gold, and whose heart was harder than the marble of which his mansion was built. "Nephew, you're a fool! Engaged—at two and twenty?"

"But, Uncle Ralph, she is the sweetest girl you ever saw?"

"Sweetest girl! Sweetest fiddlestick!" roared out the irate old gentleman. "There, there, don't talk sentiment to me. I've no patience with it."

Henry was silent. The glitter of the frescoed ceilings—the flash of silver and cut glass—the exquisite aroma of the rare red wine, and the velvet flush of hot-house peaches, became distasteful to him, all at once. Uncle Peckham had promised to make his fortune for him—but Henry was not at all sure that he wanted his fortune much, on these terms. One glance, one smile from Lilias—were they not worth all these hollow pageantries?

"Here," said Uncle Ralph, tossing a card across the table. "I've got you an invitation to Lady Bruce's party to-night. You'll meet some people there that are worth the knowing!"

Henry Dalmayne hesitated; it was the evening he had set aside in each week for writing to Lilias. She would miss her letter—but, after all, it would only be one day's delay. He could write as well upon the next night.

So Henry went to Lady Bruce's, under the wing of his uncle, the wealthy stockbroker.

"Well!" quoth Uncle Peckham, when the festivities were over, and they were once more sitting beside the fire that shone and sparkled like deep-hued rubies beneath the carved arabesques of the marble mantel in the rich man's dining-room; "how do you like Sarah Esterbrook?"

"Very well, sir!"

"Very well!" sarcastically mimicked Mr. Peckham. "Do you know that her father is worth a quarter of a million?"

"Is he, sir?"

"Is he, sir? Henry!" roared the old gentleman; "I believe you're a fool. Why, there are a score of the wealthiest young men in town who would give half that thereof, possess—ay, the whole of it, if need be—for the smiles and glances Miss Esterbrook vouchsafed to you this very night."

"She was very polite, sir," said Henry, with rather a puzzled look; "but——"

"Polite! And pray what would you have, Mr. Dalmayne? Do you want a woman to tell you out and out, in so many words, that she likes you, before you can take a hint?"

"Indeed! I thought she behaved like a girl. It was impossible to be quite insensible to the charm of this flattery, the more especially as Uncle Peckham was not ordinarily one who "buttered his phrases," as the expression goes.

"Yes, my boy—yes," went on the stockbroker, tapping the table emphatically with his chin, my bonnie Southron! "I like you! And I am not the only person who has noticed it."

"But, uncle, she is so plain!"

"What of that? All women can't be Venuses, and the prettiest of 'em have a grinning skull and cross-bones under their pink and white skins and fair exteriors. Beauty is only skin-deep!"

Henry thought of pretty Lilias, with a thrill of tender recollection. Miss Esterbrook with all her golden charms, could never hope to rival her!

Yet, as the days and weeks went by, his thoughts and ideas insensibly changed.

The yellow lustre of the gold-worshipping atmosphere in which he lived seemed to wrap him round the surface-glitter of society; ideas gradually uprooted the old dogmas and axioms of his youthful faith. And one evening, carried away by the witchery and enchantment of the hour, he proposed to Sarah Esterbrook, and was accepted.

Congratulations poured in upon him the next day.

"You're the luckiest dog," cried Dalmayne," cried one.

"I only wish I were in your shoes" echoed a second; and Henry, dazzled by the brilliancy of his prospects, believed that he was really a most fortunate man.

For, according to popular rumor, he was going to marry one of the richest girls in London." And Uncle Peckham took to himself all the credit for the whole affair!

"This is better than plodding on one's whole life long behind a counting-house desk," cried Ralph, jocundly rubbing together his lean and wrinkled palms. "A young man of enterprise and resolution can accomplish anything he sets about nowadays, especially if, like you, Nephew Dalmayne, he happens to be tolerably decent-looking."

A man does not usually degenerate into a villain all at once; and when Henry Dalmayne sat down to write to Lilias Raymond, his frame of mind was probably far from enviable. He wrote that no answer would be expected, and no answer came.

Three months afterwards, just as the preparations for the much-talked of Esterbrook-Dalmayne wedding were completed, he chanced to meet John Hawley in the street—John's mother lived at a small place adjoining the Raymonds' farm. Dalmayne stopped, with real pleasure on his face.

"John, is it you? Stop a minute and tell me the news?"

"There ain't much news," quoth John, rather sullkily in common with most of the neighbors, he was inclined to think that Henry had behaved very ill. "Except that Lily Raymond is well, and prettier than ever!"

"Ah!" Henry tried to speak carelessly, but without signal success.

"And Squire Ingoldsby's son is getting pretty attentive in Lily's quarter," went on John; "and old Robert Raymond died out in India last winter, and left Lily a clean thirty thousand pounds."

"Did he? I am glad of that!"

So Lily was as betrothed, after all. Would it not have been better—but Dalmayne resolutely checked the half-formed conjecture in his mind. He had put his hand to the plough—it was too late to look back now. Yet he wondered if Arthur Ingoldsby would value, as he had done, the priceless treasure of Lilias' love.

He told himself that he was glad things had happened as they had; but he knew, spite of it all, that he would have felt better pleased if Lily had pined after him, just a little. All women are alike, and all mensphaw! there was no use in troubling his brains further about the matter.

Uncle Peckham met him on the threshold with a troubled look.

"Have you heard the rumor, Dalmayne?" No! Well, of course it can be nothing but a rumor. The house of Esterbrook & Esterbrook is too well established to be shaken by a mere fall of French stocks. It

"What do you allude to, sir?" asked Henry, scarce comprehending his uncle's meaning in the abstraction of his mind.

"Why, people are whispering about that the Esterbrooks have failed."

And before the sun went down on Change, the whisper became a trumpet voice—the house was a crumbling Esterbrook. Esterbrook had failed, and Mr. Dalmayne was engaged to a penniless bride.

Henry Dalmayne, though a weak and vacillating man, was no scoundrel. He married Sarah Esterbrook, and lived with her now in a flower street lodging-house, daily growing more and more weary of his life, while in his heart he cherishes the sweet memory of Lilias Raymond, now another man's wife.

He had broken his plight, given up the tenderest aspirations of his soul, and blighted his whole future, to marry an heiress—and he had missed the heiress, after all!

IMPOLITE THINGS.

We give a few of those impolite things in which young people render themselves disagreeable: 1. Loud and boisterous laughter. 2. Reading when others are talking. 3. Reading aloud in company without being asked. 4. Talking when others are reading. 5. Smoking about the house. 6. Cutting finger-nails in company. 7. Leaving a church before public worship is closed. 8. Whispering or laughing in church. 9. Gazing rudely at strangers. 10. Leaving a stranger without a seat. 11. A want of courtesy to servants or followers. 12. Correcting persons older than yourself, especially parents. 13. Receiving a present without an expression of gratitude. 14. Making yourself the hero of your story. 15. Laughing at the mistakes of others. 16. Joking of others in company. 17. Commencing talking before others have finished speaking. 18. Answering questions that have been put to others. 19. Commencing to eat as soon as you get to the table.

REVIEWS.

THE Universal Metric System, by Alfred Colin, M. E. D. Appleton & Co. A most timely little volume, giving in clear and concise form just the information needed by the people regarding the only sensible system of weights and measures extant, and which is gradually working its way into general use throughout the world. This work will contribute not a little to familiarizing Americans with the system and preparing them for its adoption. For sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger.

History Primers.—History of Europe, by E. A. Freeman. D. Appleton & Co. As its name indicates this is an introductory work, in which are clearly arranged the leading events of European history. It is well calculated to incite young readers to more extended study, and furnishes a compendium which the general reader will find useful in fixing the relation of important eras. For sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger.

THE First Sermon of Man, by Julius Bernstein. D. Appleton & Co. This work is No. XXI of the Sensational Scientific Series, and like its predecessors aims to bring the results of scientific research within the reach of the general reader. It is full of interesting and instructive facts relating to the subjects of which it treats and will make the reader of it better acquainted with himself and the laws of his body. For sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger.

CHARLEY ROSS, The Kidnapped Child, written by his father, John E. Potter. No fiction possesses half the interest of this recital of the history of the kidnapping of Charley Ross from Germantown some two years since, and the efforts since made to recover him. The whole story goes right to the heart of every parent. Many details are given which have not before been made public. The work is brought out in handsome style and is worthy a place in every library if only as (most happily) a unique work in literature.

DARWINIANA, by Prof. Asa Gray. D. Appleton & Co. A handsome volume of 480 pages, in which are collected various essays by the author, which have appeared from time to time during the past seventeen years, relating to the widely discussed Darwinian Theory. They are especially valuable as marking the stage of growth and the remarkable departure from the old paths, as well as presenting in the author's own clear and forcible manner the facts and arguments which have been brought to bear in his special field of observation, botanical research. For sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger.

We acknowledge the receipt of the following new music:

Ditson, White, Smith & Co., Boston.—Vocal: "We are One in Heart and Hand;" "Sheila We Gathered Years Ago;" "Meet Me at Twilight, Sweet Bessie." Instrumental: "Elysium Redoxa;" "The Morning, Pearl;" "Guild Polka Militaire;" Hayes and Wheeler Grand March;" "Pearl of Love;" "The Mill Wheel."

Enoch S. T. Gordon & Son, New York.—Instrumental: "Thoughts of Spring;" "American Exposition March;" "Ottenbachiana;" "Lady Washington's Reception."

From S. Brainard's Sons, Cleveland.—Instrumental: "Sourire de L'Ange;" "Blushing Beauty Waltzes;" "Crystalline;" "Twinkling Star Schottische;" "Eclipse Grand March." Vocal: "Little One Creep Closer;" "She Sails Me Down to the Ground;" "What Do You Take Me For?" "Who's Coming Out for a Moonlight Rambble?" "Old Adam was Father of All;" "I Don't Know You;" "I could not Say I Loved Her;" "The Agony Column," "Let Me Dream Again;" "Never Ly God To These;" "With Thee;" "Gently Lord, Oh Gently Lead Us?"

Whitney's Musical Guest, for September, quite surpasses previous issues in the extent and variety of its contents. The literary matter is increased to eleven pages—an equal share being devoted to choice vocal and instrumental music. Frank Howard's beautiful song, "When You Were Seventeen, Nellie," introduces the musical department, and is followed by Gustav Lange's "Variegated Leaves," and "Twilight Whispers," by Frank M. Davis. The Guest always makes friends, wherever it has an opportunity to form acquaintances.

The *Folio* for September has come, crammed full of music and miscellany. The musical contents consist of "Dreaming of Mother," "Sweet Alice," "Our Champions of the Right," Republican campaign song; "Governor Tilden's Grand March;" "Royal Songs," waltz by Strauss and "Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah." There is a portrait of H. J. Montague, the actor, and a portrait of Gen. Custer, with a sketch of his life.

LITERARY AND DRAMATIC.

"THE Two Men of Sandy Bar" is to be fully a play.

MISS BRADDON acted before the wrote thrilling tales.

THE New York *Herald* pronounces "Daniel Deronda" a failure.

CHARLES MATTHEWS, the veteran actor, is writing his life and times.

ADMISSIONS to the Olympic Theatre, New York, have been reduced to 25 cents.

"LIFE in the Lobby" is a new comedy by Dion Pitt. He knows how it is himself.

MR. SOTHERN is married and has a family. His stage name is Lord Dundreary.

PRINCE LEOPOLD is about to issue a volume of "Travels in Italy and the South of France."

LAWRENCE BARRETT, whose real name is Larry Brannigan, is forty, and married to Miss Mary F. Wilson.

MISS MARIE GORDON is the wife of John T. Raymond (Colonel Sellers), whose real name is John Holbrook.

MISS LEONA DARE, the charging female gymnast, receives as high as $300 per week, and is said to be the best in the business.

REV. I. TYERMAN, author of "The Life and Times of John Wesley," has now in the press a biography of George Whitefield.

THE scene of Mr. Hepworth Dixon's novel will be partly laid in the United States and partly in England. The heroine will be a Southerner.

ON the 13th of October Mr. Charles Backus, of the San Francisco Minstrels, will be married in Philadelphia to Miss Lizzie Mason, of Niagara Falls.

THE politicians are flocking to Wallack's, New York, to see "The Mighty Dollar." In a few days the Florence will have played this piece two hundred times.

GAIL HAMILTON has not found literature a mine of wealth to any great extent. Her conversation of brain-mind-hard cash has scarcely exceeded $6,000 all told.

MISS FANNY MORANT is the wife of Mr. Charles Smith, of the firm of Smith, Eddy & Co., the Broadway jewelers. Miss Morant is very pretty, and an excellent actress.

DR. WILLIAM H. RUSSELL, the well-known correspondent, is about to put forth "The Tour of the Prince of Wales in India, and his visits to the Courts of Greece, Egypt, Spain, and Portugal."

ALSON F. BELCHER,
CATERER.
Dining Rooms at 527 and 529 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

JOSHUA HAGGARD'S DAUGHTER.

By Miss M. E. BRADDON,
Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.

FLORENCE KNOWLTON'S FORTUNE

FARM AND GARDEN.

A FAIRY STORY.

Arsenie was young, beautiful and accomplished. She resided in Paris with a husband who passionately loved her, and whose whole study was the security of her happiness; he pampered her fancies, and humored her caprices, but to no purpose, for his attentions were repulsed with contempt. Her friends and relations, though none of them could boast the possessions of brilliant talents, were nevertheless persons of tolerable accomplishments. Visits were interchanged amongst them, and parties formed; on which occasions the ordinary amusements of music, dancing, cards, &c., were resorted to. But neither these recreations, nor the domestic retirement of her own home, had any attractions for the proud Arsenie—her mind soared above such sublunary objects. She treated every one with haughtiness and disdain, and expressed dissatisfaction at everything around her. Her peevish and fretful disposition gained her the appellation of the "discontented beauty;" but her friends,ever anxious for her welfare, had recourse to the most seductive arts to wean her from her ill-humors. She considered their kindness only as officious interference; she rebuked them with contempt, and, in revenge, assumed a still more haughty demeanor. Finding nothing suited to her taste, her sympathies became deadened, her feelings paralyzed, and her affections chilled; and she herself relapsed into a state of despondency and melancholy. Weary of her absurdities, her friends evaded her society, and she was often left to the society of her own chamber, with no companion save pride—a bitter and sorrowful associate.

It so happened that Arsenie had a godmother who was a fairy. Her name was Alina, and as she sometimes visited her, she, on one occasion, thus addressed her:

"Arsenie, my child, thou art in the springtide of life; innumerable blessings attend thee; thou art encircled by innocent and harmless diversions, designed to afford their votaries pleasure and delight, and nature hath gifted thee with a taste to appreciate and to enjoy them. Tell me, my daughter, art thou happy?"

"Far, far, very far from it," replied Arsenie.

"The greater your misfortune," continued Alina.

Arsenie, interrupting her, said, "Spare your reproaches, dear godmother; I feel neither interest nor pleasure in the scenes that surround me, and, therefore, entreat you to remove me from this detestable abode. I wish to visit the heavenly hemisphere; I have a desire—do not deny me—to see your beautiful palace; I can no longer brook the insipidities and frivolties of my friends and relations; my heart yearns for the brilliant, the dazzling, and the marvellous; and I feel assured that happiness will be a stranger to my heart, until I find myself wandering in the delightful labyrinths of your enchanting paradise, which is the sole and darling hope of my life."

"Most willingly will I grant your request," replied the indulgent fairy.

These words were no sooner uttered, than our fair one found herself seated in a resplendent car, and, being wafted with rapidity through the air, soon arrived at her godmother's magnificent palace. The entrance was supported by a large portico of massive gold, on which were carved various devices, executed with consummate skill and exquisite taste; but this was far surpassed by the splendor of the interior. As to the gardens, their beauties were beyond conception. The fickle and disdainful lady, in surveying the magnificence and grandeur around her, felt an inward satisfaction diffused through her soul, when Alina approaching her, thus addressed her:—"This, Arsenie, is your abode; I invest you with despotic power; reign as sovereign of these realms; my whole retinue will cheerfully obey your commands. I have a few calls to make in America, and on my return anticipate finding you enthroned on this pinnacle of happiness, luxuriating in the ecstatic joys of this delicious retreat."

Alina took her departure. Arsenie, left to herself, ranges the palace with ecstacy and delight, where she now asserts her authority as a queen, or rather a goddess. A train of a hundred beauties attend her, each emulous to anticipate her wants, and to satisfy her most trifling desires. If hungry, the most exquisite viands, with every conceivable delicacy, are in a moment placed before her. Her repast finished, she is carried into the gardens, where, reclining in the midst of cool fountains, on a grass-plot, whose verdure is softer than velvet, she inhales the delicious perfumes of flowers.

The warbling of a thousand birds mingles with the gentle murmurings of the waters, and twenty carriages, studded with rubies and sapphires, await her pleasure, to convey her to the different parts of her domain.

Madame Arsenie was surrounded by a variety of enjoyments; in a word, she had all that heart could wish, but one thing—and, oh! what a vacuum was this!—*love* was absent from her dwelling. At every turning her eyes were dazzled by the brilliancy of the scene, but they never encountered loving or approving smiles; here was nothing to arouse her sympathies, and without the glow of affection existing in the heart, what charm has life? Arsenie was more unhappy in this delightful retreat than she had been in her terrestrial abode; for here she neither had opportunities to exercise her vanity, nor objects on which to vent her wonted scorn and contempt. In the evening, to dispel her melancholy, concerts were given, and although the music was of the most enchanting description, Arsenie experienced comparatively little pleasure, and with vexation discovered that the musicians consisted of females, and that there was not a single bearded chin in the whole palace.

"What, in the name of fortune," she exclaimed, "can have been the motives of my godmother? Not a man among us! Am I then cooped up in a convent? Certainly these attendants pay me homage as their sovereign, but that is not enough. Without subjects to reign over, majesty and pomp are mere bubbles. I wish to wield the sceptre of authority, but it must be over men; they were born to yield to the power of woman, and to subjugate themselves to her will; I abhor and despise them—I will claim the privilege of my sex, to rule and control them and will assert my dignity by triumphing over their pride." Thus spoke this indomitable vixen, and after again partaking of a rich and delicate repast, she retired to her couch, when the delicious sounds of instruments, mingling with the heavenly harmony of voices, lulled her to repose.

Though so sumptuously entertained, Arsenie soon became restless and uneasy; the grandeur and magnificence that surrounded her soon excited disgust, and she felt abhorrence at the exuberance of felicity so vainly bestowed. The return of each day brought the like enchantments, and each day she was feasted on the like delicacies; but the monotonous routine of the same pleasures soon palled the edge of enjoyment. On the third day of the sojourn in the palace, her amusements appeared tedious and insipid; on the fourth, irksome and fatiguing; and on the fifth they became intolerable and past endurance. Therefore, watching a favorable opportunity, she effected a breach in in one of the garden walls, and precipitating herself from it, darted towards the earth with the rapidity of an arrow sent from a bow.

Thus, in an instant, the palace, with all its splendors, vanished from her view, and she herself safely alighted on *terra firma*. On recovering from her amazement, she gazes around her, but instead of her eyes meeting the dazzling beauties of her late abode, they encounter the barren plains of a dreary desert, interspersed with fearful rocks. Then, in the despondency of her heart, she tears her hair, and in a frantic tone of voice invokes the assistance of heaven, and implores the forgiveness of her folly. Night advances, girt in his sable robes; the owls send forth their hideous screeches and the dismal howlings of wild beasts resound from the solitary caverns. Alas! will no kind fairy come to the relief of this unfortunate, but indiscreet, adventuress?

She was now in the height of despair, and entertained no hopes of assistance; when, by the faint glimmer of the waning daylight, she perceived a dirty, squalid figure hurrying along a narrow foot-path.

This proved to be a laborer returning home from his daily toil; fear humbled the pride of our heroine, and she deigned to claim his protection.

"Whoever thou art," she said, "in pity regard my misfortunes; have compassion upon me, and lead me to a place of refuge."

The laborer, on beholding a lovely and elegantly-attired female in so forlorn a situation, exclaimed, "What wretch could have directed your footsteps to this dreary place? How is it you are wandering here, on foot and alone? I am still at a considerable distance from my cottage; but never mind, my little darling, give me your arm—I will take care that your delicate person be safely lodged. I have some nice eggs and bacon at home—these you shall share with me."

Our fair one had no time to reply. Her charms had already captivated the heart of the swain; for scarcely had he finished speaking, than he caught the astonished Arsenie in his arms, and imprinted a kiss on her lips.

"Alas! alas!" cried the afflicted lady, "I had better been devoured by wolves than smothered by this bore."

She could say no more. Grief—shame—indignation—choked her utterance; and she fainted. At this juncture the fairy came to her aid. When Arsenie recovered her senses, she thus addressed her:—"Thou must acknowledge my daughter, that thou hast been a foolish and conceited woman; let not thy mind, soar beyond terrestrial joys; for such flights of imagination are dangerous."

Having delivered this admonition, she once more had recourse to her enchantments, to rescue her god-daughter from her perilous situation, and to convey her in safety to her home.

Arsenie profited by experience. Reflection on her former conduct led to amendment. A few weeks effected a wonderful change; her mind became settled—her disposition calm and serene; and she felt satisfied with everything around her. Peevishness and discontent no longer obscured her brow, and the mists of folly and prejudice were removed from her eyes; instead of her temper being ruffled by pride, it was soothed by contentment; instead of being haughty and disdainful, she was affable and obliging. In her desire to promote the happiness of others, as well as her own, her former foibles were forgotten. She was thus the delight of her husband; she thus gained the esteem and affection of her friends and relations, and became the ornament of every society.

A TERRIBLE NIGHT.

BY AN OLD DIPLOMATIST.

When I was British Consul at Rio Janeiro, I passed a night of horror, which morning revealed under the most painfully distressing circumstances, and the mournful results of which could have been so easily prevented had it not been for negligence on my part, that I have never ceased to blame myself for the horrible death that occurred.

A rich trader of the interior called at the consulate to transact some business in regard to the shipment of hides and tallow, and as he came bringing a letter of introduction from an old friend of mine, I extended to him the hospitality of my residence.

He was a sociable, well-informed man, had been engaged in the cattle trade, both in California and Australia, and could relate thrilling incidents by the hour, and so interested me by his conversation that I forgot an important business transaction, and found myself compelled to make my excuses after tea, for the purpose of attending to it, leaving the trader on the verandah to enjoy his smoke. I was absent longer than I had intended to be, and returned to find my guest had retired for the night.

I also found upon my table, a bottle, accompanied by a note; but supposing it to be some present of wine or other drink, which I was the daily recipient of, I left it to be examined, and perhaps tested by my guest and myself at the breakfast-table next morning, and retired.

The weather being very warm, it was my custom to leave the inner doors of my residence all open for free circulation of air; but this night I retired, feeling an unusual oppression from the heat, and there seemed to be some strange influence acting upon me, some foreboding of fear that held me in wakefulness until far into the night; and then when sleep came to me it was in fitful starts, filled with hideous dreams, from which I would awake with a cold perspiration on my brow.

It was perhaps two o'clock when I was aroused by a most unearthly groan; and springing up in my bed, saw the most fearful sight that ever I beheld, almost freezing the blood in my veins—a hideous form robed in white, with its mouth and clothing all flecked with bloody foam, each hair seeming to stand separate from the other upon its head, and its glaring as it came towards me with outstretched hands, uttering the most unearthly groans. In horror, I sprang out of bed and ran, pursued by the awful form, as I crouched here and there to escape it; but on it came growing more fearful as it approached. At last I thought of the latticed closet in the adjacent room, and fled for it, my very knees knocking with fear, reaching it and closing the door as my ghostly pursuer put his hands through the broad lattice work, reaching far in after me; but I was safe from pursuit at last, and in the feeling of security my strength all gave way, and there I lay upon the floor in helplessness, as I stared out on the fearful form that was clinging to the lattice trying to reach me, while it uttered the most pitiful moans.

The excitement had been too much for my weak frame, as I had only recovered from an exhausting illness, and I swooned away under it. How long I lay in an insensible condition I knew not; but when I revived, the horrible form was still there, but it had fallen by the door, and was lying still with its face upturned, and its eyes fixed in a deathly glare.

Oh, heavens, what could it be! It was no phantom of air, and yet I could not believe it to be a human form; was it some victim of a premature burial from the plague that had torn away from the imprisonment of the coffin, and come to pursue me with its deadly contagion? I shuddered to think it; and then I was forced to remain in my fright and weakness within reach of the fearful and ghastly form, visible from the dim lights I always kept burning in my rooms at night. The moments dragged by like hours, and hours seemed like ages, and still day would not come.

Again I swooned away, and when next I revived, the broad daylight was streaming in on the stark, stiff form lying at the door.

Oh, heavens, it was the trader! And yet it was difficult in those fearfully-distorted and foam-covered features to recognize him; but yet it was my guest—such a guest and such a host! What an unintentional turn my hospitality had taken! And what a pitiful appeal my guest was making to me, had I but known it!

I rang for the inmates of the house, and they came and gazed on the fearful, yet pitiful sight.

My servant came, and threw more light upon the matter by telling me that the trader had given him the bottle and note, and particularly insisted upon his giving it to me and calling my attention to it on my return. The note was brought, I read it, and all was explained, alas! too late.

The trader was subject to fearful fits, and the bottle contained the only medical preparation that would restore him; and his note explained all this, and requested me, in the event of his being taken, to give him a wine-glassful, and bathe his hands till he recovered.

Poor fellow! genial, but unfortunate guest of mine, we placed his body in a vault to await his family, and I have never ceased to blame myself for the mishap that sent him into that long eternity.

HERE AND THERE.

Never use a gold snuff-box. Gold is not to be sneezed at.

A Detroit boarding-house mistress wears four-buttoned white kid gloves while dealing out the hash.

A young lady in Texas, who advertises for a husband, says she can talk philosophy as well as rock the cradle.

A man who can govern himself and his wife and child, has got as far as the rule of three in the matrimonial arithmetic.

While a young widow is weeping over the memory of her husband, she may fish up a successor in the dark stream of her tears.

Rhymesters are always talking about the mountain. They bore the mountains worse and to far less purpose than the tunnel-makers do.

It was said of a great calumniator, and a frequenter of other persons' tables, that he never opened his mouth but at somebody's expense.

Mrs. Carr, of Quebec, hanged herself with her false hair last week. The Coroner's verdict was that the Carr was demolished by a misplaced "switch."

In describing a new organ, a country editor says, "The swell died away in delicious suffocation, like one singing a sweet song under the bed-clothes."

A Texas man got mad because a waiter handed him a napkin the other day. He said he "reckoned he know'd when to use a han'kercher without havin' no hints thrown out!"

An old lady who imagined that the sea must be very dirty because so many people bathed in it, was consoled on being informed that it washed upon the beach every morning.

Young men are so scarce at Long Branch this season that the girls have been known to hang a pair of pantaloons over the back of a rocking chair and gaze at them for hours at a time.

"Are those eggs poached?" inquired a customer of a colored restaurant keeper at an Alabama station. "Yes,sah," replied Sambo. "Dey is—dat is, de chickens what laid 'em war."

"Has that jury agreed?" asked the judge of a Sheriff whom he met on the stairs with a bucket in his hand. "Yes," replied Patrick, "they have agreed to send out for a half-gallon."

A Norwich artist has modelled a bust of Demosthenes, representing him (the *Bulletin* says) in an attitude of pain, or as one would feel some four hours after robbing a green apple orchard.

A notorious male flirt at last married. "Now, my dear," said his wife, "I hope you'll quit your trifling and foolish ways." "Madam," said he, "my marriage shall be my last folly."

A little boy was strewing salt upon the pavement for the purpose of removing the ice, when a lady passing exclaimed, "Well, I declare, this is real benevolence." "No, it ain't," said the boy, "it is salt."

The following advertisement lately appeared in a London newspaper: "Children taut to danse, if agreeable at 6d. per week, by J. Williams, who buys and sells old iron and roasts—Shoes cleened and mended."

"Did you think of me while you were gone?" tenderly asked an up-town woman of her husband, who had just got back from a visit to Florida. He said he did—once. It was when he saw an alligator's jaw.

The Cincinnati *Saturday Night* has the following "personal": "If the gentleman who refused to lend me five dollars will repent and hand it in before two P. M., all will be forgiven, and no questions asked. Yube."

Brignoli is mellifluously tooting in Boston. He weighs nearly three hundred pounds, and out of his adipose vastness his voice issues like the note of some sweet minstrel inclosed in a beer barrel and trying to sing through the bunghole.—*Free Press.*

"These are pretty hard times, I tell you, sir," explained a tramp, drawing the back of his hand across his eyes while he shut the other upon a donation of ten cents. "Lots of families who'd never thought, a year ago, that they could mix up biscuit without cream, now use water."

An Eddyville, Ia., lawyer is running for office, and he is playing it fine on the guileless agriculturist. When he sees an unusual number of farm teams in town, he locks his office doors and pastes the following legend on the outside: "Gone home to stack my hay, back in two hours."

Spinner had a rich but vulgar old uncle of his wife's, from whom he had expectations, to dinner the other day. During a pause in the conversation the *enfant terrible* of the family, after watching the guest intently, said, "I wish I was you." "Do you, my little boy? And why do you wish you were me?" "Because you don't get sent out of the room when you eat with your knife."

"Jake, what you get such fine 'broidered shirts as dat you had on at de meetin' las' night?" asked Pete, as Jake stood at the village post-office door, trying to stick a bent brass pin in the back of his paper collar and fasten that article in position. "You don't 'pear to 'prehiate my circu'stances, Pete." "I knows dat you aint yoarself nuff money to buy de buttons on dat shirt stone I know'd ye—I 'prehiate dat," rejoined Pete. "You's off de track, Pete, and dar you'll stay till your mother gits to be a washerwoman! You hear dat!"

Demise of a Mummy.—An honest footman, anxious to explore the wonders of a one-horse travelling caravan—hus um, obtained a special holiday a short time since. Accordingly, taking a couple of female friends, he presented himself at the door for admission.

"No admittance to-day, sir," said the keeper.

"No admittance to-day! But I must come in—I have got a holiday on purpose!"

"No matter; this is a close day, and the museum is shut."

"What!" said John; "ain't this a public exhibition?"

"Certainly it is."

"Well, then, I will go in."

The keeper, guessing his customer's calibre, said politely, "I am very sorry, but there's a funeral to-day. One of the mummies died two days ago, and we're going to bury him!"

"Oh, ah! very well; in that case we certainly won't intrude," said John, retiring with all possible decorum.

A Remedy that Defies Competition.

Hostetter's Stomach Bitters defy competition. Of the host of rival tonics that have cropped up during its long career, not one has gained and retained such a large share of public favor though many have enjoyed an ephemeral popularity. The reason is this—that whereas many of these medicines were advertised to perform cures of the most startling nature they have, when tested, almost invariably turned out to be of little or no value, while the great invigorant, whose reputation they were intended to rival, has never disappointed those who have placed their confidence in it. It has vindicated in the amplest manner its claims to be considered a positive specific remedy for liver complaint, dyspepsia, malarious fevers, debility, constipation, and numerous other maladies arising from general weakness and disorders of the stomach, liver and bowels.

Deafness Relieved. No Medicine. Book free. G. J. Wood, Madison, Ind.

The American House, Boston, needs no recommendation to the generality of travelers, but it may not be amiss to inform those who are contemplating their first visit to the Hub that no Hotel in that city is better than the "American." It is conveniently located to all lines of travel as well as the business portion of the city, and no effort is spared to maintain the high rank the House has held so long.

The Common Symptoms

Of Liver Complaint are sallow skin, coated tongue, costiveness, offensive breath, drowsiness, headache, &c. All persons thus affected may be speedily relieved by Schenck's Mandrake Pills. The symptoms of Worms are often mistaken for those of Liver Complaint; but as the Pills are applicable to either case the mistake of one disease for the other will cause no inconvenience if these Pills are used as the remedy.

Attention, All!

GREAT BANKRUPT SALE OF JEWELRY.

We have a large bankrupt stock of fine Gold and Plated Jewelry that we desire to dispose of at once, and in order to make a rapid sale we have put up assorted lots, each lot containing Jewelry which could not be purchased for five times the amount we ask for it. See what our lots contain:

50 CENT LOT.

ONE PAIR ELEGANT GOLD-PLATED ENGRAVED SLEEVE BUTTONS
ONE SET GOLD-PLATED SPIRAL SHIRT STUDS
ONE IMPROVED SHAPE PLATED COLLAR STUD
ONE LADIES' HEAVY WEDDING RING
ONE ROLLED PLATE GENTS' WATCH CHAIN

1 DOLLAR LOT.

ONE SET GOLD FRONT SPIRAL SHIRT STUDS
ONE PAIR PLAIN CHASED SLEEVE BUTTONS
ONE LADIES' HEAVY WEDDING RING
ONE LADIES' ENGRAVED ENGAGEMENT RING
ONE HANDSOME ROLL PLATE WATCH CHAIN
ONE ALASKA DIAMOND BOSOM PIN
ONE LADIES' FINE NECK CHAIN
ONE ENGRAVED LOCKET FOR ABOVE
ONE GENTS' HEAVY SILVERED RING

2 DOLLAR LOT.

ONE LADIES' LONG ROLL PLATE WATCH CHAIN
ONE SET GOLD FRONT PIN AND EARRINGS
ONE LADIES' ROMAN GOLD NECK CHAIN
ONE HANDSOME CROSS FOR ABOVE
ONE PAIR ONYX SLEEVE BUTTONS
ONE PAIR PLAIN ENGRAVED SLEEVE BUTTONS
ONE AMETHYST STONE RING SET WITH PEARLS
ONE PAIR GENUINE GOLDSTONE SLEEVE BUTTONS
ONE LADIES' BAND ENGAGEMENT RING

3 DOLLAR LOT.

ONE GENTS' GOLD-PLATED WATCH CHAIN
ONE PAIR GOLD FRONT ONYX SLEEVE BUTTONS
ONE SET OF STUDS TO MATCH THE ABOVE
ONE FINE TOPAZ RING
ONE ROLL PLATED VEST CHAIN
ONE TWO-PICTURE LOCKET FOR ABOVE
ONE SOLID SILVER FINGER RING
ONE AMETHYST RING SET WITH PEARLS
ONE FINE ENAMELLED TOP COLLAR STUD
ONE PLATED COLLAR BUTTON
ONE PAIR ENGRAVED SLEEVE BUTTONS

5 DOLLAR LOT.

ONE LADIES' HEAVY GOLD-PLATED CHATELAINE CHAIN, TO GO AROUND THE NECK, WITH SLIDE, TASSEL AND SWIVEL; SLIDE ENAMELLED OR STONE MOUNTED. The regular retail price of this chain is $5.
ONE LADIES' SET PIN AND EARRINGS, CUT CAMEO MOUNTINGS. Fine goods.
ONE GENTS' ROLL-PLATED IMITATION DIAMOND PIN
ONE PAIR FINE BAND BRACELETS
ONE HEAVY AMETHYST FINGER RING
ONE ROLLED GOLD FOB CHAIN
ONE TWO-PICTURE ENGRAVED LOCKET FOR ABOVE
ONE PLATED SEAL RING
ONE PLATED TOPAZ RING
ONE ROMAN GOLD NECK CHAIN
ONE HANDSOME CHASED LOCKET FOR ABOVE
ONE PAIR SEAL GOLDSTONE SLEEVE BUTTONS
ONE SOLID SILVER FINGER RING

We guarantee each article we have named to be exactly as represented, and to persons who purchase one or more lots from us, and are dissatisfied, we will refund their money. It will pay any one to purchase these lots, as two or three articles can be sold to friends for the price of the whole lot, and the remainder will be left as clear profit.

We have a very fine line of Watches, which we will sell at very low prices.

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Ladies' Solid Gold Cases	$[illegible]
Gents' Solid Gold Cases	25 00
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Nickel Cases, Brass Movement	7 00
Nickel Cases, Nickel Movement	10 00
Oroide Cases, Finely Engraved	8 00
Coin Silver Cases	10 00
German Silver, Verge Movement	6 00

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In all cases where pain or discomfort is experienced, or if seized with Influenza, Diphtheria, Sore Throat, Bad Coughs, Hoarseness, Bilious Colic, Inflammation of the Bowels, Stomach, Lungs, Liver, Kidneys, or with Croup, Quinsy, Fever and Ague, or with Neuralgia, Headache, Tic Doloreux, Toothache, Earache, or with Lumbago, Pain in the Back, or Rheumatism, or with Diarrhoea, Cholera Morbus, or Dysentery, or with Burns, Scalds, or Bruises, or with Strains, Cramps, or Spasms, the application of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will cure you of the worst of these complaints in a few hours.

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Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, bladder, nervous diseases, headache, constipation, costiveness, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, bilious fever, inflammation of the bowels, piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Warranted to effect a positive cure.

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HORATIO C. KING, Publisher, 27 Park Place, New York.

THE FASHIONS.

As the autumnal days are bearing the rumors of "openings" and autumn fashions fill the air. The publication is certainly gaining a very firm hold upon the leading modes, and appears in many and new forms. To persons a generally offer with this department much commentation should be avoided, and as far as possible confine to an to have the lines of drapery in the back, and not caught up too abruptly. We have seen a very pretty suit for the intermediate season composed of pale brown cashmere, and a darker shade of brown silk. The polonaise was of the silk, with two bands pinched from one of cashmere placed rather far apart. The polonaise, also of the cashmere, trimmed with a band three inches wide, and wrought in a trefoil pattern in shaded brown. The sleeves were of the brown silk, with two narrow bands pinched rather far of cashmere, bordered by a band of embroidery as the silk. A suit of dark blue barege had a trimming on the overdress and basque of Hamburg gauntlet, done in white floss thread, and a pattern of shamrock leaves.

Suits of brown tones are very much worn, especially for the street. The trimming is generally both plentiful and of the same. Here of warm brown and black stripe have stitches and high pointed sleeves. One side is turned up, with a wing, while a rolled or gathered cuff encircles the arm. Even tucked polonaises are much worn over blue, maroon, and mat-brown underskirts. Little shoulder mantlets, with long ends, and made of either silk or of cashmere, are fashionable. The effect is quite stylish.

The shape in vogue for hats is just now in great favor. It has the merit of being becoming to the face. The prevailing mode is to wear it with feathers under plumes on the pretty blue hydrangeas. The present style has a deep rim up turned and a broader higher crown than the turban of a few years back. Drops and black are the prevailing colors.

In silk there are some novelties. One one with the tail of cardinal tinted gauze. This is only suited for evening and dancing dress that will bear almost any eccentricity of fashion.

The lame chatelaine bells are still in favor: those with either of jet or plated metal, with a velvet ribbon run in, are very much worn.

A pretty morning dress of cambric has a long, half loose sacque, the point in it finished by bands of insertion, and the bottom of it edged with a knife-plaited ruffle of the cambric, edged on both sides with a narrow Vat embroidery lace. Some of bright blue or capri not color intermingle with a jaket of wash cloth, edged with lace, and slide outside drops the front of the sacque. The underskirt goes with this to long and flowing, with a deep and narrow flounce on it, each of ribbon heavily pinched at the left side, and matching in color the ribbon on the jaket, given a dash to the costume.

Large garden hats of yellow straw with high figures crowns are worn.

Thanks are due Messrs. Hunter & Gallagher for information received.

Other Fashions.

English walking hats of chip and straw constitute have the entire crown and much of the rim, covered with a gradation of crack a pigeon.

Linen satin made perfectly plain, and stitched by machine, are considered the most stylish.

Ivory necklaces are much worn.

Necklaces of Florida beads are fashionable.

Bright embroidery and parasols are still the rage in Paris.

Cardinal colored boots are worn with all colored dresses.

Scotch plaid shoes, in the Shepherds check, are among the novelties.

The hair is worn low upon the neck and high upon the top of the head.

Lockets are oval and oblong in shape and increasing in size.

Blue shoes have a patent "stamp" to keep the heel from running out.

Heart dresses of velvet ribbon are getting in favor for dressmaker abroad.

Double rachet of tulle and crape first combined are worn with the mourning bonnets.

Brown dress drapes have a deep gray, underskirt with a colored rich embroidery very under skirt.

The opening Easter for ladies is of gray or brown plaited cloth, with deep pockets and a belt.

The gloves for evening dress are cream colored, rose tint, sea green, and bottom blue.

Wraps of black silk for Autumn have bands of sable. Bonnets and also ostrich tips closely curled, so as to form a ruching.

The newest fancy for the bridal cards finds white the hole have high printed crowns.

A pretty fancy for Bangles is to have a cut bead necklace to spell the Christian name, with the letters in raised gold or the five pearls or turquoise.

Cardinal hat cells are said to be worn by Parisian ladies.

Suits of heather and velvet, printed back and front and lined up with silk cord are worn.

Marble gauze cannot be obtained in cheap goods.

Silver filigree jewelry is much worn.

The opposite fan, of merchant tips is fashionable. By blowing gently on the feathers at the top an opening is revealed through which the bright eyes can send arrows of glances.

Smoked pearl jewelry is worn for mourning.

Dirty hats for ladies have high round crowns and rims flapped up on the side.

Necklaces and bracelets of carved stones are worn for dressy toilets and shopping.

Answers to our correspondents.

Fanny.—It is not a fashionable party only we might suggest a dark blue dress, trimmed with pale blue and having knots of pale blue ribbon clasping it, but if, instead, it is a cotillion party we think the character of Lady Fan would be very pretty. A White Bright would suit you well. In the future you must make either a velvet or brocaded dress with long pointed sleeves, a light sleeve with puffed and slashed puff under the shoulder, a frill of old lace falling over the waist, a pointed and close fitting hood or cap of black velvet, embroidered and trimmed with imitation pearls, the feather of the dress opening to a pointed or square fichu, low on the bust, a high ruff about the throat. For a Water Bright wear pale green satin dress over white, caught here and there in puffs and tinged with coral green and sea wind, or lily native. Wear water lilies on the breast and in your hair, which it long enough, to wave in waves and wear flowing. Either dress would be pretty, and not very difficult to get up.

Mrs. Hilliter, Baltimore, Md.—Send her pattern on 8th inst.

Suite B.—Not a mulled Easter, the season is too advanced for those now, have no real dirty color pretty.

Fanny.

Fancy.—The faith of fairies is overcome the world by operating now it the bright shadowing of better things to come. The darkness is scattering mains them out of their course of dole, or stage them in it. Up the mean when the suffer an eclipse, they continue on, having no motion and in order, till they regain the place in the sun of which they are deprived. As shadows come and depart, so the time that leans down the flower shows it to the higher as they, when brought low by adversity accept upbraids, or bind themselves close to the rock they are sinking on.

BY THE SHORE OF THE SEA.

The pale of our village is getting away,
Fair faces are fading and vanishing fast,
To the sad field of death she has seen him lie,
Pale and cold at last.

The light of her eye and the joy of her heart
Her brother she buried, and falls on her knees,
Let me weep for him, mother, by the shores of the sea.

Since you told me, dear mother, in Life's happy morn,
How brief were the ones, how dearly was the thorn
Since my heart was made captive by him that is gone,
Ah! about was the sunlight that over it shone!
Since a captive I languish, and he leaves the lea,
Let me weep for him, mother, by the shores of the sea.

My eyes have with weeping been not since the dawn,
Their sad occupation of sorrow is gone.
Hoping and fear on alternate can bring them delight
No, while of beauty can make them grow bright
Since he is at rest who was peace unto me,
Let me weep for him, mother, by the shores of the sea.

Ah! mother, dear mother, that bosom was of stone
That would find not the sorrow and grief I have known
The longest that little we since he has gone thither
To see the green years of my womanhood wither
Then place blossoms no longer will bloom on me
Let me weep for him, mother, by the shores of the sea.

MORE PRIZE PUZZLES

The prize puzzle which has been repeatedly published in these columns, has attracted so much attention, and developed so much ingenuity in our readers, that we are encouraged to keep up the interest in this department, by offering additional indications.

We will give

TWENTY FIVE DOLLARS

for the first correct answer to each of the following puzzles, the answer to be received before October 1st.

Each of these puzzles is a rebus, easily read, when you know how; and each one forms a sentence containing a good suggestion.

No. 1 Two one one Two
$1000.000, D D E E

No. 2 E E D D. o.

No. 3 E E A O O

ONE OLD MAID'S ROMANCE.

"I used to think they were all sour and hateful," said pretty Lucy Gray to her friend, Clara Dalton, as they sat one summer afternoon on the door back, their fans and their tongues equally in motion.

She referred to the old maids, of course, that most of the school time of individuals for big because at last the subject of their conversation.

"But since I saw you Aunt Margaret, continued the vivacious little maiden, I have changed my notion. You must hear a queer's name, Clara, and she is queerly herself. She is so stately and cross, so good and gracious that since I have seen her, I have been puzzled myself to define to account for her never marrying. The conclusion I have come to is, that she would never find anybody good enough for her, but then she is so affectionate and charitable and sensible, that I am not sure that was the real reason, after all. I know she thinks a good husband is a desirable possession, and would be proud enough to choose the right man if he offered. And she had offers, no doubt. It is a mystery to me. I would like to ask her all about it, only I am afraid to," concluded Lucy Gray.

Clara listened with patience to this medley of question, logic, and reflection, and when the speaker ended, folded her fan, and putting it against her pearl teeth, laughed her hand over it in a thoughtful way, making a very pretty picture of maiden meditation.

"What are you thinking about?" asked Lucy. "I was not soliloquizing, and I rather expected my inquiries would receive your attention, Clara. I don't suppose you can satisfy me, though, or you would have done so before, as you have often heard me mystify myself about your aunt, the vexed old maid that you have the title."

Lucy replied the other girl, at last, "I am so much interested in the matter of Aunt Margaret's single life as you are. Even now, for though I have never heard the particulars, I am not fit to be trusted, you know, I am sure there is a romance connected with her youth, when she was hardly more beautiful, though differently beautiful, than she is now. There is a mystery about her. I have questioned mamma on the subject, but she always seems flustrated to tell me anything and looks so strangely that I feel rebuked. Perhaps I ought to know, and I am content to remain in ignorance if I thought it would cause my dear mamma the slightest pain to feel that I had been informed. Sometimes, Lucy, I am almost glad that she is an old maid, because she redeems the class. And that I am going to admit that they are more disagreeable than others, for I expect to belong to the sisterhood myself some day," said Clara, which was only another way of saying that she didn't expect to.

After more talk on the same subject, the old guide as consolatory as the beginning, the young ladies resumed their books, and read till the paper grew dim before their sight, and the drowsy sounds of the summer afternoon lulled them softly to sleep. Presently they looked startled up on the rustling of a book fallen from the hand of each, a picture for any artist. But was it with not a beholder. Seated a short distance above them in the green shadows of a large maple, was Aunt Margaret, viewing them with an expression of fondness on her face, tempered by a sigh, and I had almost said a mothering melancholy. She had approached unheard by the chatting girls just at the moment they had abandoned their talk for their books, and caught the concluding words of the other, her beloved and honored name. The words evidently called up sad, and, it might be, tender recollections. Without the character of Aunt Margaret's heart experience had been, it was plain that the grave and stately, or happy. There was something in her air that expressed both hope and resignation, it was hard to say which was more suggested. She approached the sleeping couple. They began to sit a little uneasily, perhaps it was their dreams, but as they woke no doubt of a very pleasant kind, as most conclude. It was the first that troubled them.

"Girls!" "What a sweet dreaming time we have had," repeated Aunt Margaret.

They smiled in pretty confusion.

"Oh! aunty, is it you?" they exclaimed together, when they saw who the intruder was. "How you startled us!"

"Never mind, my dear, you started me from a pleasant one. I was sleeping quite soundly, I think, but I was dreaming, but dreaming that Aunt Margaret as they both called her, was smiling very pleasantly, though a little sadly, their fear of her being offended at their conversation vanished, and seeing their opportunity, a simultaneous "Do tell us your life-story, aunty, came pleading from the lips of the anxious and admiring girls.

Aunt Margaret looked more beautiful than ever just then, a sunbeam struck through a rift in the leaves, and lighted up her face like a saint's. It was not too late yet for her to win some loving heart.

"I will tell you the story of my life, my heart story if you please, all but the end, that is to come."

The young ladies looked surprised and more interested than ever.

"Eighteen years ago," began Aunt Margaret, "before either of you had entered this mortal sphere, I was living in Manchester with my sister, your mother, Clara, and being then in the hey-day of my youth, and having every opportunity of enjoyment, I was as happy as any young lady of the place, was of course enjoying myself exceedingly. I was called beautiful by some.

"By all, aunty," interrupted the interrupter.

Aunt Margaret's smile was hardly a the future, and she continued her story.

"I had what are called admirers, whom attended to, and I thought that they were at times a little back-mouse, were a vain and flattered girl of eighteen likes her fine, you know, girls, but I do not think I had a real love story, and I am young for it. Arthur Graham, and and I had seen each other many times. There was a very pleasant understanding between us. We had the old story up to the time our engagement was announced, and preparations were being made for the wedding. Arthur Graham was a noble-hearted man, my family a very all pleased with him his standing in world and professional circles was the best, and a happy future seemed opening before me. I was not worth while to back with regret; for happiness in this world my dear girls.

Aunt Margaret paused, and a look of pain came over her features. Lucy and Clara were silent.

"The very morning of the day we were to be married, she resumed, a terrible event occurred preventing the expected grand nuptials. Some of my friends had been invited, many of whom came only to be checked at the door which awaited them or met them for it flew fast and profoundly agitated by every tongue in which it had moved. Arthur Graham, on the day of his expected wedding, was arrested for a crime. I will not pain myself and you to name. He was innocent, yet he could not be proved to be innocent. The circumstances were so strange and trying that I fear if I were to narrate them, which would be both unnecessary and painful, you would think it only a hard straight letter, instead of a somewhat reality. Arthur was a very superior young man, and standing so well in the community, was of course envied and disliked by many, who with greater opportunities had made less of them. With that malignant delight, endeared, to be sure, but just as real, which is a disgrace to one of human nature, they sought Arthur Graham, ostensible for no reason of his own their chance to revenge themselves on him for his superiority. They pronounced him guilty, and were glad to be in the whole affair was shocking, of course, but it showed what men of fair pretensions could bring them selves to do, do, do. Such expectations, and blight and immolation had their desired effect in increasing the feeling against the accused. Arthur through innocent became at last resigned to his fate, to the fate which clung to him through all he was deeply grieved for, and which, even when he was most charitable he gave at last indifferent it was despair. Circumstances were against him, and the malice of the court that tried him was "finally." He was sentenced to an imprisonment of twenty years. That was eighteen years ago. This is a terrible story, my dear girls, and I almost wonder that I am being myself to repeat it. You may be sure I have endeared my aunt, but friends were kind, Arthur was innocent, God is just, and patience has its reward at last. Let me drop the veil over the sad part of my story, and come to the end. I did not after the first year resign myself to hopeless grief, but found work to do amongst the poor and needy and thank heaven for it, for it has saved me. Of late, here I not second happiness to you that when you first knew me.

"You always seemed happy to me, said Amelia sympathetic Clara. "that is, to have seemed happy."

Aunt Margaret smiled and paused.

"Oh, my girls go on," cried Lucy, she had caught from the words of the stately woman a suggestion of something more than mere "feeling" to be coaxed out, there is something more."

"Yes," was the reply given in a tone so deeply calm and hopeful, that the girls looked up to the speaker with a wonder that was almost reverential. "I think I am patient. She continued, "but in my heart there is a feeling so sudden so sweet, so unexpected, so unlike any feeling I have ever experienced, that I am so happy, so happy, so happy,